

movie topics • April 1

Pantomime

10¢



Dolores Cassinelli on
Divorce

—
Tom Meighan, Prince of
the Pullman
By Myrtle Gebhart

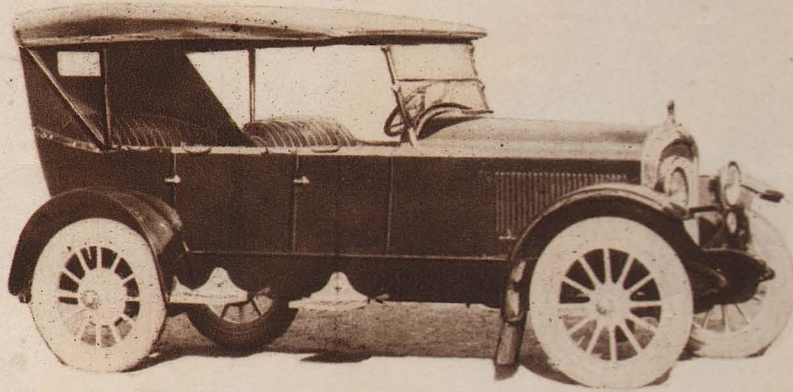
—
The War of the Beauties

—
The Real Harm of Censor-
ship
By William de Mille

Dorothy Orth

PHOTO BY EVANS L. A.

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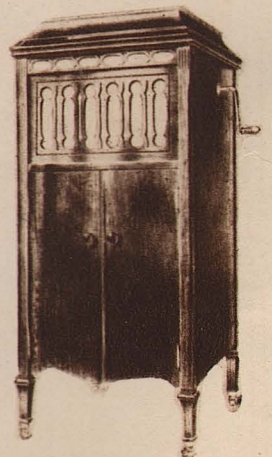
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It is becoming more and more the custom for producers to engage professional dancers just for single scenes in pictures. The above is a striking example of the artistic results. This scene pictures a Bachnallian dance at a Roman feast.

So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Cliff

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

IT is to laugh!

Censorship in any form is a distinct infringement upon personal liberty.

You can get that from any screen actor.

Or from any camera man.

Or from any director.

Or screen writer, or author who has ever sold motion picture rights to a story.

So thoroughly do they believe that, so sincere are they in this belief, that they have formed a censoring body of their own.

Oh, no, not for pictures. Pictures are too sacred! These people simply propose to regulate the private lives of everybody connected in any way with pictures.

Listen to this:

The Federation of Art, a newly organized association of the Actors' Equity Association, the American Society of Cinematographers (highbrow for cameramen), the Motion Picture Directors' Association, the Screen Writers' Guild and the Authors' League of America will boycott movie players who bring disgrace upon the industry through any acts of immorality.

"We will not act with, we will not photograph, we will not direct, and we will not write for any individual who has brought disgrace upon the profession," is the promise the new association makes. Through this method, it is announced, "Offenders will be quietly dropped into oblivion."

Once more the good old public is found in need of a guardian. The public is not to be trusted to refrain from going to see actors and actresses who bring disgrace upon the moral life of Hollywood. The public doesn't know enough to keep away from them and to let them sink into oblivion. The public must be protected.

What's that? Those arguments sound an awful lot like the arguments of the bigots who want a censorship of motion pictures, because the public can't discriminate between the good and the bad.

No wonder it is to laugh!

But the greatest wonder is that the good old picture industry has gotten as far as it has with such idiots in charge of the associations of the five greatest branches of it.

* * *

ANY association connected with the motion picture industry could have much better spent its time in passing resolutions deploring the untimely calling of John Fleming Wilson into the Great Beyond. Mr. Wilson's death ended an influence for the betterment of pictures far greater than any number of censorship actions.

He had made a name for himself in the literary world. He never wrote a story that even the most gloomy pessimist would not admit was absolutely censor-proof. Yet every one of them teemed with the sort of action and the emotional conflict that is so dearly loved by the picture-going public.

Thomas H. Ince recently made the arrangements that enlisted Mr. Wilson's talent in the cause of good stories for the screen. Before the

great writer had gotten fairly started he met with the accident that resulted in his death. In the passing of John Fleming Wilson the screen lost a great influence for good.

* * *

ALL this talk about censorship reminds us that we have a little treat in store for you next week. It has to do with a French movie, of that exotic book, "Sapho."

They brought the film over to America, and the critics who saw it said it was the goods. They announced their belief it would "knock 'em off their seats."

So, accordingly, it was booked for two of the biggest houses on Broadway. Admission was to be two dollars per each.

Then the New York State censors took a look at the film—and turned "thumbs down."

"Horrors," said the dear censors. "Terrible! Never will we let you corrupt sweet, innocent Broadway with the likes of this. Never! Never!"

The would-be exhibitors, who had spent heavy jack getting the film from France, wanted to know what was the matter with it.

"Everything," said the censors. "Even the title is terrible. The mere name Sapho brings up evil thoughts."

Then the exhibitors wanted to know if the kind censors wouldn't please cut the film to suit themselves, eliminating whatever they considered objectionable—and let the public see the rest.

The censors would not. They said the whole blooming thing was immoral, and it couldn't be shown. So that was that.

But while the censors may control the moving picture theatres, they do not control Pantomime—and they do not control Vic and Cliff. So next week we expect to show you, on these pages, some of the pet scenes from the film which the censors say is so naughty. Then you can judge for yourself.

Our own personal opinion is that the censors are "cuckoo."

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Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—deter-

mines it because Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.

Thwarted Ambitions

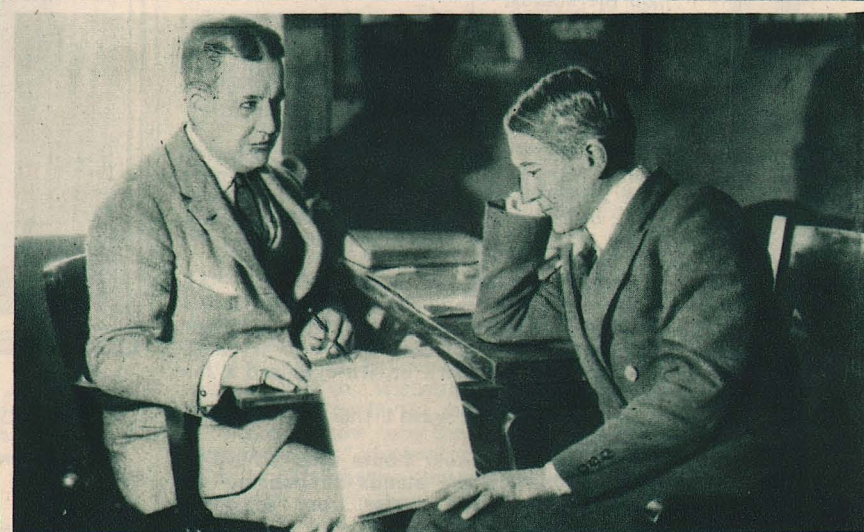
What some of the Stars would really like to be doing



Rowland V. Lee on the left would like to be a grapefruit farmer. He has a theory that he could cross a grapefruit vine with an ice plant and pick the fruit already chilled, which is the way he likes it about twice an hour



William V. Mong, who writes and acts motion picture plays, would like to be a producer, and J. L. Frothingham, who is a producer, is very envious of a man who can write the plays. Maybe it never occurred to them to swap jobs



Norman Dawn, director of Sessue Hayakawa, learned basket weaving during travels in the South Sea Islands. He declares it is the finest occupation for frayed nerves that ever was. He weaves as his job and directs pictures as a diversion



Just as soon as the wages for cutting grass gets high enough so that he can support his family, Thomas H. Ince is going to take it up as a steady occupation. There'll be a whole lot of people out of jobs if this day comes and he closes his studios

Katherine MacDonald declares that if she could have found a place in some household where all she would have to do would be to cook desserts she would never have had an ambition to go into pictures



Rushing Into The Movies

By Charles Singer

MY, what a rush!

Even before we realized that the number of PANTOMIME containing the announcement of the "Big Four" contest offering four jobs in big productions to amateurs, the first two entries arrived in the office.

They were the Misses Lillian and Celia Kay. They were at the newsstand nearest their home when PANTOMIME arrived. They bought a copy—looked through it—and then when they saw the announcement they rushed back home which is at 711 Crotona Park North, Bronx, New York, got some photographs and were still out of breath when they arrived in the PANTOMIME office.

Lillian, being the oldest, filled out her entry blank first. She described herself as being twenty-two years old, weight 130 pounds, blue eyes, brown hair, and semi-dark complexion. Her height is five feet eight inches.

The reason why she wanted to get into the movies came without hesitation:

"Oh, because I just love them, and know I would like to act in them."

Celia is the same height as her sister, but here the similarity in description ends. She is twenty years old, weighs 122 pounds, has gray eyes, with blonde hair and is light complexioned.

Both have had some experience in acting. Together they are one of the most popular teams of club entertainers in New York. It was from photographs of them in costumes which they wear in their act that the pictures of them on this page are published. Miss Helen E. Jones, of West 71st Street, also New York City, must have gotten the idea to enter the contest about the same time as did the Kay sisters, for a special delivery letter containing her entry blank and her photograph arrived at the office at a time which showed that it must have been mailed a very moments after PANTOMIME was on the stands.

Celia Kay is somewhat shorter than her sister Lillian, being five feet five inches. But she weighs the same—130 pounds. She has light brown hair with hazel eyes and a fair complexion. Her reason for wanting to enter the movies is:

"I believe that they offer the greatest career for girls of any occupation open to the feminine sex. I would have tried long ago, but I never felt I could afford the long, long wait at the salary paid beginners for day work."

Mabel Bummer, of Fulton Avenue, Astoria, L. I., got the honor of being the fourth entry. She is five feet, five inches in height, and weighs 132 pounds. Her hair is chestnut brown, with dark brown eyes and a fair complexion.

But New York wasn't the only city that was wide awake.

Within twenty-four hours after PANTOMIME was on the stands announcing the contest, came two entries from Washington, D. C.

One of them intends, if she wins, to take the stage name of "Peggy Mavis." She doesn't want her real name divulged, but we happen to know, personally, that she is one of the leaders of the capital's ultra-exclusive younger set.

If you follow the society columns you



Wesley Barry, who will star in the first two of the Big Four Productions and who may act as a judge



Lillian Kay



Helen E. Jones



Mabel Bummer

Via The Big Four

Publisher of Pantomime

probably will recognize her by the picture of her we're reproducing with this article. Her likeness has been printed time and again in the society journals of Washington and New York, and in newspapers all over the country.

But to get on—and to call her by her

chosen "stage name," Peggy, according to her letter, lives on M Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.—a fashionable section of that city. She is twenty years old, five feet, four inches tall, and weighs 121 pounds. (Boy! Page Mack Sennett). She has auburn hair and golden-brown eyes. She is a Titian brunette.

"I'd really love to get into the movies," she writes. "The money doesn't mean so much to me—although, of course, it would be nice to have that too.

"But the main thing is that I want to be really *doing* something—something that requires brain, and ambition, and real work. I am so bored to death with dances and dinners and teas—

"And I feel that I really have the ability to act."

The other Washingtonian who sent in her picture is in somewhat the same boat as Peggy. She also is a brunette—is twenty years old; doesn't particularly need the money, and wants us to identify her by a "stage name" only. She has decided to call herself Anne Jocelyn.

Anne's home is on fashionable Massachusetts Avenue, Northwest, in the National capital. As already stated she is twenty. And—whisper—she confides that the reason she doesn't want her real name used is because she is married. In fact she's little more than a bride. Friend husband is a rising young officer in the United States Navy.

They're perfectly happy together too. But the day when a girl was satisfied merely to sit at home and wait for her Lord and Master to come home has passed long since. Even the happiest married woman these days wants to be doing something worthwhile. And so, Mistress Anne has decided she'd like to go in the movies.

"I don't know whether I'm good looking enough or not," she writes, naively, and then adds, in parenthesis: "but my husband says I am."

"I have dark brown hair," her letter goes

on, "so dark it is almost black. My eyes are large, and I think they're a soft brown. My husband says they're tawny. I am five feet four inches tall and I weigh 124 pounds. My skin is very fair.

"Please don't think my wanting to go into the movies means that I'm not perfectly happy with my husband. Neither is it anxiety for \$100 a week. We're not starving, my husband and I—although, goodness knows, navy pay isn't any too much, these days.

(Continued on Page 30)



Sam Warner, head of the productions department of Warner Brothers, who will act as one of the judges



Anne Jocelyn



Peggy Mavis



The Real Harm of Censorship

An Interview With William de Mille

By Eugene Clifford

HUNDREDS of the world's greatest stories will never be offered to motion picture fans, unless there is a radical change in the present censorship.

The list that will never be prepared for the enjoyment of those who enjoy the silent drama includes at least two of the greatest successes of the present year on the speake stage in New York as well as an unestimated number of classic and modern novels.

"For it is not the cutting and the mutilating the censors do after the picture is finished that is the real harm of censorship," said William de Mille. "It is the fear that it inspires in the making of the picture, and the many stories it keeps entirely off the screen."

It was a long time before Mr. de Mille said this much. In fact his greeting was not awfully cordial—perfectly polite and all that sort of thing—but not the enthusiastic welcome PANTOMIME interviewers usually receive from motion picture people.

It was only by accident that we heard Mr. de Mille was in New York. He had just completed "Bought and Paid For" and it had been announced that "Nice People" would be his next production. That gave us the tip that he was probably in the East because Clara Baringer writes all his continuities and it is seldom she hasn't the aid of Mr. de Mille in the work.

So we found he was in the city and finally, after some wire pulling, we discovered he would be at the offices of the Famous-Player Lasky at three o'clock one afternoon for a showing of "Bought and Paid For."

He was to see us at 3:15.

We figured it all out. He would be through a little bit after four and then we could interview him. But it was after five before we really did locate him in one of the little offices of the publicity and advertising de-

partment. We stationed ourselves just outside the door and finally he came out.

"I haven't got a thing to say," was his reply to a word as to who we are. "In fact I talked so much some time ago about things that I thought ought to be done that I got to be called the William Jennings Bryan of pictures. So I decided just to go ahead and make pictures and say nothing."

"Well, are you planning any special productions?" was our question. We were determined to get something.

"No, there are enough people doing that," and he almost snorted. "I don't care what they call them—specials, super-specials, ultra-features or what-not. All I am trying to do is make good pictures. That's enough for any one man to tackle."

It kind of seemed as if that ended that part, so we shot one of our favorite questions for any member of the industry:

"What is Will H. Hays going to do for the motion picture industry?"

"I don't know," he answered. Then as an afterthought, "Not being one of the people that hired him I don't know what he is expected to do."

"Well, can he do anything, in your opinion?"

"He can. He can unify the industry so that there can be a determined and united opposition to much of the foolishness that is being attached to it. He can let the professional reformer know that the industry is not entirely defenseless. He can let the people know exactly what a small number of people are hampering the development of the greatest entertainment that could ever be offered."

There was no doubt but what he was interested.

"You really think he could do something in

regard to censorship?" we asked rather doubtfully.

"Perhaps. Possibly he might weld public opinion so that a Federal Board would supersede the million and one that are now operating."

"Then you favor Federal censorship?"

"I do not," he said so decisively that I was tempted to say he snapped it. "It would be an improvement," he went on, "for one centralized censorship could not think of all the asinine things that are being done now."

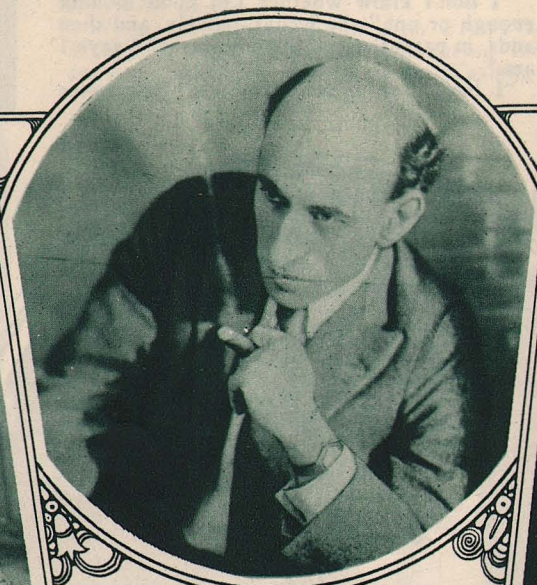
"But there would still be the eliminating of scenes and the rest of the nuisance," we suggested—and it was then that Mr. de Mille gave his version of the really great harm of censorship.

"In the studio the picture is made with a general guess as to what any board of censors is liable to do, so that there is still a continuity left. Something that the public can look at and still not be entirely cheated. Only such stories as can be done in this manner are being selected for the screen."

"At the present time there are two plays running here in New York that I would like to put on the screen. I won't touch either of them. I won't do my artistic best, in fact can't do it, on scenes that make me feel some narrow-minded bigot somewhere is going to miss the beauty of, and cut 'em because he don't like 'em. Some of the things they do to really artistic things is a greater crime than any immorality."

"One of the greatest stories ever written is that of Kipling's 'Without Benefit of the Clergy.' It was emasculated horribly in transferring it to the screen, but even afterward one board of Western censors insisted on a sub-title being injected to state that the man and the woman were married. So

(Continued on Page 30)



William de Mille and his method of handling the biggest emotional scene in "Bought and Paid For." Jack Holt to the right; Betty Compson on the left



About Virginia Valli and the Climate

By Charles Reed Jones

SHE'S got a laugh that's as big as all outdoors, has Virginia Valli. And she seems to use it 'most all the time.

"The laugh?" you ask. "Or all outdoors?" Now that you mention it, "both!"

Virginia and I met for the first time last week. We had lunch together; that is, I had lunch while she had three different kinds of salad and some French pastry.

We jockeyed for position at the conversational starting point.

"The weather?" I offered: I was bent on a startling opening.

Miss Valli turned to me and laughed: "That's just what I was thinking," she said.

"What was 'just what you were thinking?'"

"The weather, of course; it is so different."

"Different where?"

I was getting a bit puzzled.

"Oh, here and there," she went on, "and all in the same day, too; it seems so funny."

"Funny?"

"Well, every morning for the past ten days or so I've been up in the hills, with furs wrapped about

Virginia likes to play Polo—and they do say she swings a wicked mallet.

'Just yesterday,' she said, 'I was up in the hills—and had to wear snow shoes.'

barely passable, and would I be good enough to avoid that sort of thing in the future. "Why, don't you see anything funny about that?" The smile was back again now, in all its effulgence.

I shook my head in the negative.

"Well," said Virginia, "have you ever gone snow-shoeing in the cold, rugged hills in the morning, and then taken a swim—not at the Athletic Club, mind you!—that same afternoon?"

I confessed that I hadn't, and was just about to go on and tell her that I'd tried



Winter only a few miles distant—but summer white clothes, and tennis right here.

"We would come down from the icy mountains,—and go swimming."



parchesi and checkers, both in the same evening, but I recalled the unhappy reception given my last attempt at the jocose, and wisely desisted. Just in time, too, for she continued:

"I've been doing just that for almost two weeks now!" She leaned back to let that sink in. I was obviously expected to look dumfounded. I did. And it was worth it for the beaming smile that rewarded me.

"Yes," she went on, "in those snow scenes in 'The Storm' I had all the Winter sports I could have had at St. Moritz; snow-shoeing, skiing, a bit of skating, quite a lot of tobogganing and, a few days ago, we had a real, old-fashioned snowball fight. Then we came down to the beach and had a swim in the good old Pacific. I feel as though I'm bragging when I tell you about this, but we didn't all go in the water. Some of us thought it was too cold. I never missed it once!"

"You have an adventurous spirit, Miss Valli. I take it, you're fond of travel."

"Why travel?" she answered. "Live in Hollywood; own a car; have all climes and conditions at your feet, or"—and she looked



out of the window at the mountains—"over your head."

"California," she said, dreamily. "I love it, and I'm distinctly identified with it—for all time."

"Others may yearn for New York and the gay white lights of Broadway."

"But not for me!"

my neck, and on snow-shoes."

"Now, there doesn't seem to be anything so awfully funny about that, Miss Virginia Valli. Sounds cold enough to crack that smile of yours."

She looked at me as though to say that my little attempt at a witty sally was just

A Page By Our Readers

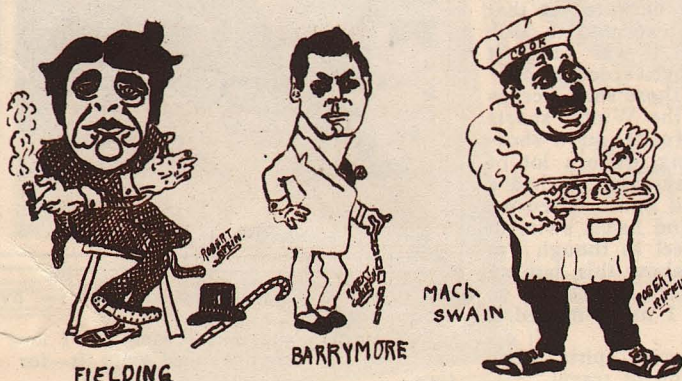
From time to time PANTOMIME has received contributions from readers that have proved interesting to the editors. Feeling that readers would be just as interested we have decided to print a page entirely contributed by readers just as often as the material received warrants it. The contributions must be connected directly with motion pictures and \$1.00 will be paid for each one printed. No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by postage for that purpose.



Above is a portrait of Helen Ferguson done entirely on the typewriter by Francisco Duenos, Jr., of Los Angeles, California. Below is the impression of several players as gotten by Robert Griffin, of 630 West Third Street, Madison, Indiana, who describes himself as "just beginning at cartooning."

CARTOONS

BY ROBERT GRIFFIN
630 WEST 3RD ST.
MADISON, INDIANA



If You Were in the Movies

By Mildred Davis

(It isn't all sunshine, success and salaries, Mr. S. E. Kiser, though we all liked your poem "Undiscovered Talent" which seems to think so).

If you are in the movies,
Your profession is your wife,
It's not dining out and dances
And just following your own fancies,
No, it's work and constant strife;
For no climb is etched in roses,
And it's lost to one that "mosies,"
Or who parleys with the life,
Well we know it in the movies,
Fame's not whittled with a knife.

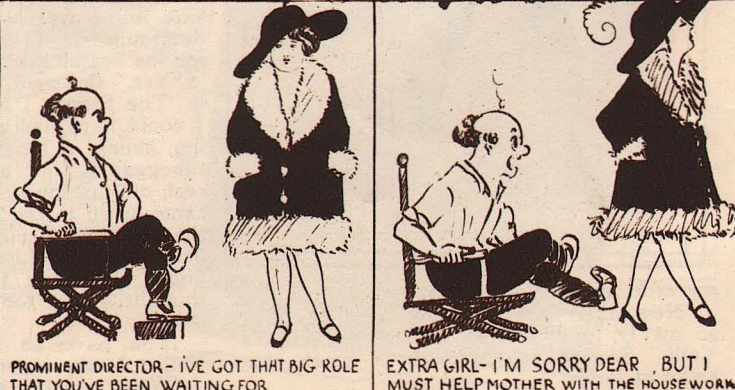
If you were in the movies,
You would have to toil like fun,
Taking jaunts on long locations,
Passing up each year vacations,
For one's work is never done;
Oh, it's shooting oft past midnight,
To the very streak of dawn's light,
For one's best friend is the sun,
This is not exaggeration,
Nor set forth as airy pun.

If you were in the movies—
I take it that you're not—
You would find you had delusions,
That were only fond illusions,
That were only fond illusions,
Stars aren't made in one short minute,
Salaries aren't all there's in it,
Such ideas are really rot,
It's a long trail we must follow,
With a most intricate plot!

Mildred Davis is leading lady for Harold Lloyd, but it is as an amateur poet that she wins a place on this page. Below are two sketches of an idea by Walter Schroeder, of the Bronx, N. Y., who shows unmistakable signs of being an artist within the next ten or twelve years.

IF WE COULD ONLY BELIEVE IT !!

BY WALT SCHROEDER. Bronx N.Y.



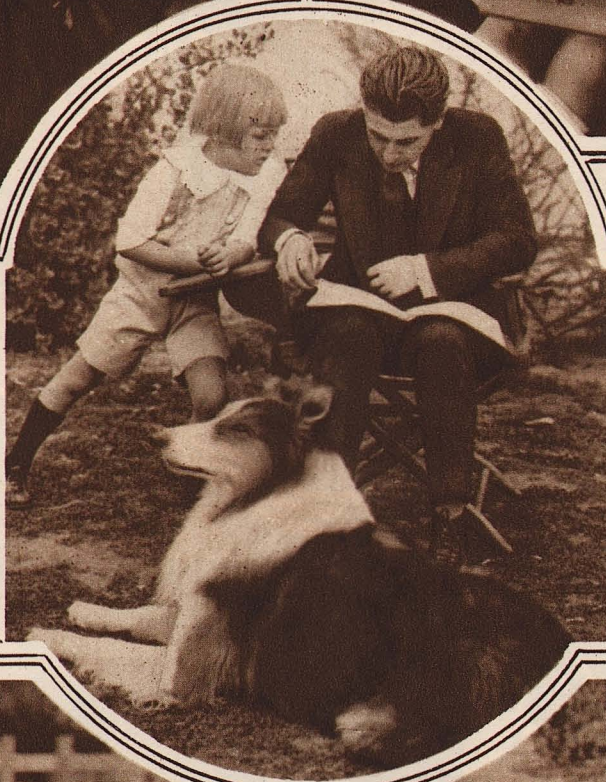
Just Kids



Richard Daniels is a freckled-faced south-paw, so you would expect him to be different. He dearly loves lessons and especially geography and Alice Calhoun enjoys watching his face while discussing some questions of boundaries.



Bruce Guerin is another youngster who likes being read to. Here he is with Thomas Meighan, who enjoys the boys' comments nearly as much as Bruce enjoys Tom's stories.



Stanley Goethals insists upon hearing the script of any picture he appears in. Director John M. Stahl is the reader in this case. Stanley has never yet sent one back for author's changes but you never can tell.



Wesley Barry always manages to have a crowd of the neighborhood boys around any studio that he happens to be working in. Within a week or so he will have two or more full-fledged foot ball teams and games in progress as long as subs hold out.



Ever since Jackie Coogan heard that Charlie Chaplin had ambitions to appear in tragedies, he has gotten the same idea. This is his idea of "No more worlds to conquer" and it is one of his directors who provides his foot rest

A Day in a Comedy Shop

By Betty Morris

I HAVE spent a day in comedy—and never will I be the same again. Never more will I laugh but momentarily at some mirthful "gag," say, "Gee, but these comedians have a good time" and let it go at that. For I have seen comedy on its native heath, in the very act of broiling, so to speak—and, having seen, 'tis no wonder to me now that so many of the broilers forsake it for less serious efforts.

I say *less serious*, because the making of a comedy is the most serious business in the world. I have seen far more jocoseness in the taking of a feature picture than I found in the comic-shop. Now I understand why comedians always go about with weeping-willow expressions and never act funny when out in society.

For one thing—comedies must be produced on schedule—and for one-reelers the schedule is a stringent one of a picture a week. And making a picture every week, rain or shine, whether you've a pain somewhere or not, and *making it funny*—is a serious proposition.

At the Hal E. Roach studios—the habitat of Harold Lloyd, "Snub" Pollard and others—they have this cooking of comedy down to a fine art. Everything—making scenes, technical and research work, film-developing, etc.—moves on schedule. *Except when it doesn't!* Then there's the dickens to pay.

You may think comedies require little research work. But I found as much delving into historical and romantic tomes, research work for wardrobe designing and make-up experimentation among the actors in "Snub" Pollard's current comedy, the scene of which is laid in the past century, as ever I found in the "back-stage" workings of a feature drama.

The Roach studios house Harold Lloyd's company, "Snub" Pollard's, Paul Parrott's and the children's and animal company.

I was met at the gate by Mildred Davis and Harold Lloyd and numerous publicists and executives and escorted over the studio confines, fast broadening out over a goodly portion of Culver City. Behind a big white administration building stretch the glass-covered studios and sets. A whole small town has been built for Harold Lloyd's present mirthquake—the sort of a town I wouldn't have lingered in two seconds. But Harold—all dressed up in a Sheriff's badge and habiliments—was getting a lot of comedy out of a jewel robbery. Mildred was wearing her customary April morning manner and was garbed delightfully as a small-town belle. There were eight indoor sets, some luxurious Oriental affairs for "Snub" Pollard's costume-comedy.

I found among Mr. Roach's people a commendable spirit of co-operation not always to be met with around more pretentious studios. Every one has a voice in the making of each of the comedies, supplying "gags," suggestions which are worked out and, if deemed good enough by the majority, used. Harold, however, while using many of the "gags" suggested to him, usually improves upon them in his own inimitable way. There is no up-staginess and they do get a lot of fun out of this serious business of making comedy.

I shall have to admit that, though I enjoyed watching the comedians work, I found the children's and animal company the most interesting. It was a happy thought of Mr. Roach's, this using children and animals together in large numbers in comedies designed to attract adult minds as well as the kiddies.

Among his domestic family Mr. Roach numbers five goats, a calf, a flock of turkeys, ducks and geese, bears, coyotes, "Dinah" the mule, "Cork" the trick pony and "Bill," a bulldog of

No, this is not an old-time sword. It is a pogo stick and Mildred Davis is learning to pogo. She says she has to get some fun out of life



a beautiful little brown pony, four years old. How do I know his age? Because he *told me!* When his trainer asked him, he pawed the ground and nodded his head four times—then waited expectantly for the lump of sugar I had in my pocket. When told to "smile at the lady," he did a lovely lipwiggle which in horse-language doubtless meant "giving 'em the laugh." "Cork" was totally untrained when he entered Mr. Roach's employ—his remarkable progress just goes to show what comedy can do for a chap!

I watched them making a scene for the children's comedy, in which "Dinah" the mule, labeled "Rural Free Delivery," was supposed to stand in front of the post-office and kick the packages to their various destinations about the town. "Sunshine Sammy," the little pickaninny, was supposed to indicate to "Dinah" with his whip—and Rural Free Delivery did the rest.

They had been working on that same scene for two days! At first "Dinah" was afraid of Sammy because he is such a very black little boy—and sometimes "Dinah" would make a mistake and kick the package into the wrong front-yard—even as does her Uncle Samuel upon occasion. But at last she got the hang of what was expected of the mail service and was in a fair way to getting an extra portion of oats for lunch.

Bob McGowan, who is directing the children's and animal comedy, was as patient as Job—I could see my finish if I had to argue over and over again with a rambunctious mule with ideas of her own about the motion picture business. Tom McNamara was standing on the side-lines offering suggestions for new comic touches.

Harold Lloyd is believed a worthy competitor of Chaplin for the title of the nation's foremost comedian; "Snub" Pollard is fast coming into prominence, which doubtless will be furthered by the new two-reelers, upon which he commences soon; Mildred Davis will do a few more pictures upon which he commences soon; Mildred Davis will do a few more pictures with Harold and then will be starred by Pathe and probably will work on the Roach lot.

Quietly, unobtrusively, Hal Roach is taking under his wing some of the best "bets"—both actors and directors—in the comedy-field. There are so many Sennett folks out there two that some wage remarked at lunch, "Well, I expect to look out the window any minute and see Mack Sennett strolling by."

Among the new directors are William Beaudine, Al Santell and Gilbert Pratt, though Pratt was associated with Mr. Roach in the old days when he had his studio at Edendale, when he did his own directing; then Gil Pratt was assistant and played "heavy" with Harold Lloyd. Beaudine began with Griffith at the old Biograph studio and since then has directed about

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Marie Mosquini and "Snub" Pollard have a gloomy time. When they get a chance to rest they don't dare show that they enjoy it.

downcast countenance. He has several animal trainers—who never raise their voices or use a stick, but patiently teach the animals by going over and over again the action wanted of them. Regular rations include 100 pounds of dog biscuit a week, 70 dozen heads of lettuce, ten dozen pounds of carrots, one box of apples and six loaves of bread daily for the bears, exclusive of the feed for the horses, cows and mules.

"Cork," "Dinah" and "Bill" are featured in "Our Ganag," the first kid picture. "Cork" is

"Nailing" a Job

By Donna Risher

WHEN first I saw Mary Buck, with the wistful eyes and nut-brown curls, she was sitting on an old tool-box in the back end of the set in the big R-C Picture studio in New York City.

Maybe it was her wistful eyes, her nut-brown curls or her youth or her beauty or her simple gingham dress which made me look at her again and again. The lights from the "set" enfolded her gently. She seemed such a contrast—such a contradiction to the other women of matured years who sat in groups talking.

I called her "Springtime," for somehow I thought of roses, of dew-tinted gardens, of hollyhocks and old-fashioned flowers.

I sidled up to William Christy Cabanne, director for R-C Pictures, who was sitting in a chair talking to his cameraman.

"Who is Miss Springtime sitting over there on the tool-box in the gingham gown?" I asked.

Cabanne glanced 'round.

"That is a protege of Lillian Gish. D. W. Griffith asked me to give her a minor part in my picture."

"What's her name?"

"Mary Buck!"

I went over to where Mary Buck was sitting.

Mary nodded her head and smiled. I had seen primroses along a winding wayside path nod like that before.

"And so you are breaking into the movies?" I queried.

"Yes."

"How did it happen?"

Mary sat silent. Her gaze went far past Mr. Cabanne, the lights of the studio and the prop boys in the background. Over on the "set" Mr. Cabanne was coaxing

This is how Mary used to look when she reported in the morning for her job as a manicure lady.



When I looked at her I thought of dew tinted gardens of Hollyhocks, and old fashioned flowers.

"mother" to weep at the sight of her wayward daughter. He was aided by the wail of the violin, "Oh, How I Miss You, Dear Old Pal o' Mine." The cameramen were grinding.

"I'll begin with the flash-back," said Mary.

At sixteen years Mary Buck found herself polishing fingernails with a chamois buffer in a Fifth Avenue shop.

Lillian Gish, the actress, walked in for a manicure.

"Of course I didn't recognize her," said Mary. I polished her nails and was almost through when she said to me, "Are you interested in motion pictures?"

"I replied that I liked to go very much.

"You have a camera face, I'm sure," she continued. "If you are interested bring your mother out to my studio tomorrow for lunch."

Right there the primroses nodded along the wayside path again. The color came and went in Mary's lovely cheeks like the shaded petals of a rose.

"Next day mother and I went to Miss Gish's studio. We ate lunch and had a long, long talk. Miss Gish said that never before had she done such a thing. She said she didn't know why she yielded to her impulse and spoke to me that day in the shop. But after we had had our talk she said she was glad she did.

"If you are willing I will adopt you as a protege," said Miss Gish. "I'll look after you if you want a picture career. You can only reward me by taking your work seriously and by working hard."

"Mother and I couldn't thank Miss Gish enough. In fact, I couldn't say anything for the lump in my throat. I looked back upon those days in the manicuring shop, filled with unhappy toil. The great chance offered by Miss Gish overwhelmed me. I took her hand, mumbled something—then went home and cried

"So, by the request of Mr. Griffith I'm here, just playing the role of a little sister, but I'm learning all I can, my heart out of sheer happiness and gratitude.

My Start in Pictures

By Dorothy Dalton

ONE day, while I was playing in Keith vaudeville, I had an afternoon off and went to the movies. A noted feminine star was appearing on the screen. I watched her critically and then said, "I can do that—and I'm going to."

I had heard that Thomas H. Ince, in Culver City, California, was one of the most prominent film producers. I sent him a telegram that I was coming out and wanted a trial in the movies. He wired back immediately, "Don't come. Impossible to place you in pictures." But I never got the telegram, because I was already on my way to California.

When I arrived in Culver City, Mr. Ince was considerably agitated. "I told you not to come," he said. "There is nothing here for you. I have already cast my pictures for months ahead." I was somewhat discouraged, but stayed around and reported at the studio every morning on a chance there might be some work.

Finally my luck changed. An actress suddenly found that she was unable to play her part in an Ince picture called "The Disciple." Mr. Ince had to find somebody else at a moment's notice, and I was the only one immediately available. He disliked taking a chance on a person who was without screen experience, as the role was a fairly important one, but he had to. I made good, and was given an extended engagement at the Ince studio, finally reaching stardom in "The Flame of the Yukon."



By Mary Miles Minter

THE first motion picture in which I appeared was made in a church. To be sure, the place wasn't used as a church at the time. The pews and altar had been taken away, and the building was called a studio, though it was really just a big, bare floor.

The picture was called "The Fairy and the Waif," and Percy Helton, whom I had known on the stage for some time, was the leading man. I had been on the stage since I was four years old, but I soon found that an entirely new technique was required for pictures. I set about learning this at once.

My director was George Irving, who also directed "To Hell With the Kaiser," the first feature picture in which May McAvoy, my fellow Paramount star, appeared.

I remember that for my first picture we had no specially designed properties and simply had to use whatever happened to be at hand around the studio. Since "The Fairy and the Waif" was a story which really required quite artistic settings to get it over properly, you can see how handicapped the director was. When I observe what an infinite variety of things a modern property department—the one at the Lasky studio, for instance—is about to provide at a moment's notice and their willingness to manufacture any special "props" needed in almost the same length of time, I realize how rapidly motion pictures have advanced since the day of my screen debut.



Dolores Discourses on Divorce

By Felicia Fenlon

"**M**ARRIED people," said Dolores Cassinelli, toying with an hors d'oeuvre in the Italian dining-room of the Hotel Ambassador in New York, "should stay put."

The "cameo girl"—so named by the late Enrico Caruso—flashed her luminous eyes at the interviewer who had accepted her invitation to dine so that he might hear her views on love, marriage and the frequency of the wreckage of both. The raven-haired star with the classic Italian visage—she could pass admirably for Dante's immortal Beatrice, Petrarch's imperishable Laura or that pathetic figure of undying love, Francesca da Rimini—now has a producing company of her own—Cassinelli Pictures, Inc., and she is making "The Challenge" under the direction of Tom Terriss.

"Married people," repeated the dreamy-orbed Dolores, "should stay put. That is not a particularly poetic phrase but it is current and expressive."

"But I anticipate; we should talk first of love itself and later of marriage. In discussions of this sort one should begin, the learned tell us, by defining one's terms. When it comes to defining love in a crisp, neatly turned epigram that shall contain the entire history of human affection in a nutshell—why, then, I'm afraid I cannot accept the dictum of the sages. Poets, painters, sculptors, musicians and all other artists have tried to do it and none has succeeded. Who am I that I should attempt it where so many others far more able have failed?"

"We'll waive that," allowed the interviewer. "Tell me what you think about love in your own way."

"Well," Dolores continued, "I think love is like a delicate and beautiful flower that must be nurtured with the utmost care lest it die. Like a rare bloom it is a treasure—but a treasure that will be blighted by the slightest neglect or carelessness. Love is not a negative thing; it is—or should be—positive. I mean, by this, that a man or woman should not take for granted the affection of his sweetheart, fiancé or fiancée or whatever their relationship may be."

"To love properly one must study the object of one's devotion, seeking to learn in every way how to please, how to improve him or her without offense, how to keep the loved one happy, how to avoid the petty and avoidable quarrels that mar so many love affairs. It is something more than the exchange of kisses, the expressing of endearing terms, mutual praise and vows of perpetual regard."

"Whatever is worth while having, is worth conscientious effort to retain. Men and women, after they learn they have won love, are apt to grow careless and too matter-of-fact. So often they are what they call disillusioned but in many cases this disillusionment is only a manifestation of their own mental laziness or selfishness. My advice to girls is that they should constantly study the man of their choice—not forgetting, too, to study themselves, assiduously analyzing their every act and weighing every act in the balance of fairness to him."

"Now, as for marriage. To me it is horrifying to see how many marriages go on the rocks, how many well known men and women are airing their disagreements, grievances and criminations in the courts. Each day's newspaper brings a new crop of marital failures. It seems that more and more couples are unable to live in harmony and see happiness and freedom only in divorce."

"Reared as I have been in an atmosphere of respect to one's family, morality founded on the Scriptures themselves and a stern sense of duty, I cannot understand this growing recourse to the courts."

"I think the primary fault lies in the inability of men and women to choose a mate with foresight and good sense. Among the married folks I know whose lives are marred by squabbles and bickerings, I can trace the root of the difficulty to this diversity of tastes. That, I am convinced, is the crux of the situation."

"For instance, I know one couple who are in enviable circumstances as far as worldly goods are concerned. The man is a leading mer-

chant who finds recreation in musical comedy, prize fights, baseball, frivolous magazines and bridge whist. His wife, who was a prominent concert singer before their marriage, abhors all these things. She is a devotee of the opera and symphony orchestra concerts; she delights in the sort of drama that he calls 'high-brow.' She is a student of ethnology. He doesn't even know what ethnology means—and doesn't care to know. "Do they live together peaceably? Just about as peaceably as the Montagus and Capulets before Romeo and Juliet were sacrificed on the altar of their families' hates."



"There's too much asking in marriage today," Dolores told the interviewer, "and too little giving"



The late Enrico Caruso christened Dolores Cassinelli "The Cameo Girl"

And the answer is—"the interviewer suggested."

"The answer is," Dolores explained, "they should never have married. But—and this is an emphatic but that should be printed in capitals—now that they are married, and have been for ten years, they should adjust their likes and dislikes so that they can get along amicably. It would not harm the wife to attend a musical comedy occasionally with her husband just as it would not ruin his mental welfare were he to go to opera once in a while with her. They might start on a opera like 'La Boheme,' which even the uninitiated can enjoy."

"Again, suppose she did bring herself to the point of seeing a baseball game. She probably would be thrilled by it—the yelling, gesticulating crowds alone are worth the time spent. In return he might ask her what ethnology is and even become interested. She assures me that it is a fascinating subject and I feel certain that it could be made as attractive as the stock reports in the newspapers."

"But do these two people order their lives as I have sketched it?" Not by any means. They have decided to get a divorce and she is leaving tomorrow for Reno to prepare for the legal action.

"I have two other friends whose marriage foundered because of another woman. Do you know why this man—a charming man, by the way—found attractiveness in his secretary rather than in his wife? He found it because his secretary liked to discuss politics and econo-

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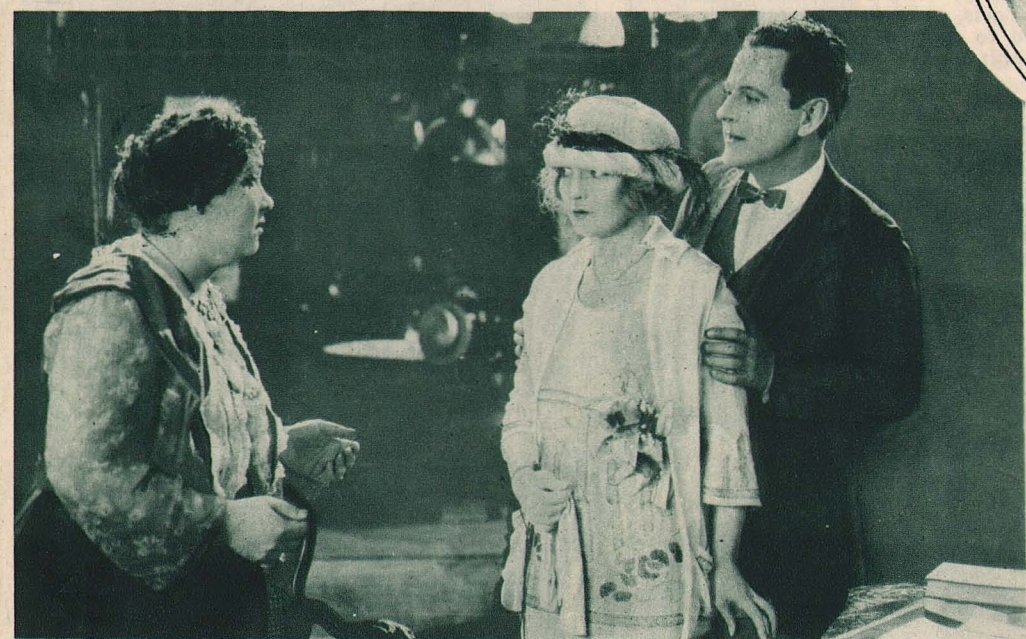
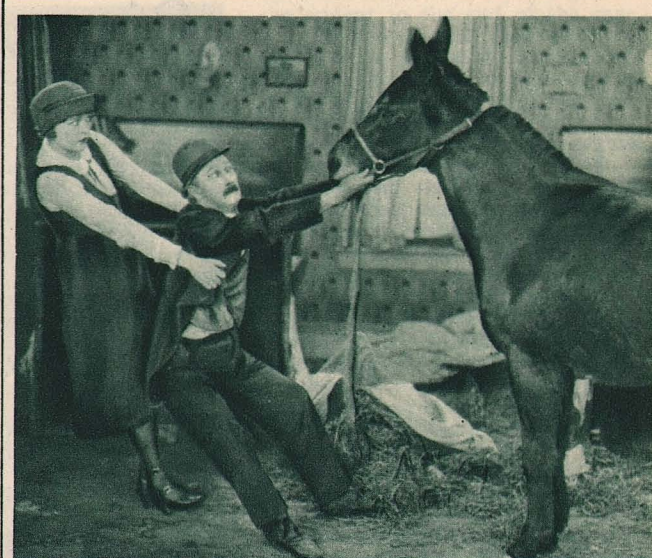
Alexandre Dumas certainly knew how to put thrills into written words, and this looks as if William Farnum knows how to transfer the Dumas thrills to the screen, for this is a scene from the new Fox production, "A Stage Romance," written by Dumas and starring Farnum.

Big Moments in Pictures You Haven't Seen



Even when an English girl marries a Sheik voluntarily she's bound for trouble. Here she is in "The Sheik's Wife," a new Vitaphone production, pleading for her own life and that of her cousin, who has violated a tribal law of the harem.

We'll bet this mule isn't balky at all but is just trying to tell from Ben Turpin's eyes as to what direction the comedian wants him to go. "Step Forward" is the name of the production, which is the latest Mack Sennett starring the roving eyes.



Vera Gordon seems to be upset over a surprise her son has planned for her by bringing home his bride for the old folks to see. It is from Miss Gordon's latest starring vehicle, "Your Best Friend," which is a Warner Brothers attraction.



There is something here that William Russell isn't anxious to let the girl know. He looks worried. It is a scene from his latest starring production, "Strength of the Pines," to be released by Fox.



This production sure is named right, with the title "Go Get 'Em, Hutch." It's a Pathe serial, and if Charles Hutchison don't go and get 'em in this scene it is a cinch he won't be on deck for the remaining episodes.



J. Stuart Blackton has made quite a stir in England by producing a picture all in color and starring Lady Diana Manners. It is titled "The Glorious Adventure," and this is one of the first scenes from it printed in America.

You might think the man here had just ended a debauch, but it is no booze fight he has been in. It was a real one and now he has to tell the lady that her intended husband is dead. It is from Rex Beach's "Fair Lady," to be distributed by United Artists.

Sign of the Trident

CHAPTER XII (Continued)

"I'm game," he said. "We'll cut two out of three. If you win, you can go and I'll open the vault and give you the belt, and the party gets his check back. If you lost, the vault stays locked and you stay here."

"All right," smiled the girl bravely.

Ruth shuffled the pack and cut first. She turned the bottom one up. It was a seven. Murdock took the pack and cut. His card was a five. Ruth took the deck from him. Cutting the cards, she drew a jack. Murdock grinned as he cut—a king showed itself. Smiling, he handed the deck to the girl. He could not help but admire her gameness. Staking all, she drew a card and kept it face downward.

CHAPTER XIII

She turned the card. It was the Queen of Hearts. Murdock had won—his last card, a king had beaten the girl's draw.

In the street in front of the bank, a band of cowpunchers observed a horseman all in white approaching at a furious gait. As he drew up to them he asked,

"Where's Miss Randolph?"

"I guess she's at the hotel," a cowpuncher answered.

The White Rider entered the bank in search of Stanton. He was astonished to find the room empty. Then, from one of the vaults, he thought he heard a sound. Rushing to the entrance to the vault, he started working on the combination. Finally the door swung open. Phil was lying on the floor.

"Where is Ruth?" were the first words the young man uttered.

"I believe she is at the hotel," answered the mysterious horseman.

Phil thanked his rescuer and immediately set out for the hotel. Arriving there, he learned that the girl had gone. He was puzzled for a moment, and then figuring that she had probably returned to the ranch house, he started in that direction.

In the parlor of the ranch house, Loomis, Julia and Sheldon were in deep consultation. They were interrupted by the appearance of Henley, who brought with him the amulet.

"With the Wampum Belt safe in the bank vault," smiled Loomis, "and this amulet in our possession, we only have to seek Stone Ear to learn the secret."

As he finished speaking, Stanton entered. "Where's Ruth?" he asked.

"She is on her way to the Golden Canyon," answered the quick-witted Loomis.

Falling into the clever pot of Loomis' he ran to his horse and galloped toward the station at San Mario.

"Now," smiled Sheldon, "since Phil Stanton is on the way to Golden Canyon and will surely be held there, we should now go to Ruth and force her to decide in favor of the Blue Hawks."

They all agreed heartily to Sheldon's plan, and were about to start when the charming young lady herself entered the room.

"Where have you been?" Julia gasped.

While Ruth was suspicious of the older woman, she told of her rescue from Murdock's place. "But where is Phil?" she finally asked.

"I am sorry to say that Phil has gone to the Golden Canyon," answered Loomis. "He thought that you had returned there and we could not prevent his leaving."

Two days later the party arrived at the entrance of the Golden Canyon. As they rode through the streets of the Indian village, cheers rang out for the return of the chieftainess.

But in the assembly hall, where Gray Wolf and a number of his Blue Hawks were seated, a cold greeting met the girl. Moonlight was alarmed.

"Where is Phil Stanton?" the girl calmly asked.

"He is in the dungeon," came the cool answer, "an enemy to the Blue Hawks."

Ruth, in a flare of anger, demanded his release at once.

"I counsel Princess White Eagle to be calm," smiled Gray Wolf. "She no longer wears the Sacred Wampum."

"But you cannot refuse to take me before the prisoner," the girl replied. Gray Wolf, seeing no danger in the action, consented, and Ruth, followed by Gray Wolf and Sheldon, started toward the dungeon.

Phil was overjoyed to see his sweetheart again and to know that no harm had come to her. Their embrace was interrupted by Sheldon, who said:

"If you decide to give the Golden Pool to the Blue Hawks, Phil will go free."

Ruth turned on the speaker blazing with anger. "I will call the tribes and tell them of this shameful plot!" she exclaimed.

Gray Wolf immediately saw the danger of the girl's threat. He made a sign to his Blue Hawks, and Ruth was seized.

Ruth started to struggle, but a sign from Phil told her to submit. In another moment, she was thrust inside the dungeon with her lover. As the Indians turned to leave Phil drew the Sacred Wampum from his pocket and handed it to the surprised girl.

"Wait!" she shouted, "I have the Wampum. Open these doors. Mr. Stanton will remain here but I command you to see that no harm comes to him."

The astonished redskins hastened to obey her commands. Gray Wolf, who had heard her words, hurried ahead to tell Loomis of what had transpired. But Henley had a plan which he disclosed to them.

As Ruth entered the assembly hall, Henley crouched back of the door and sprang for her. Picking her up bodily, he started with her to the opposite door when he stumbled over something. The struggling girl took advantage of her captor's confusion, and breaking away from him she ran through another passageway with Henley close after her. Ahead of her, Ruth saw a ladder and climbed upward. Then the girl started up another ladder.

Ruth saw that the Indians of both tribes were massing below, struggling. Shouting at the top of her voice, she finally got their attention.

"Gray Wolf is holding Phil Stanton in the dungeon as a means of forcing me to give the Golden Pool to the Blue Hawks," she cried. "Gray Wolf has already secretly sold the Golden Pool to the white people."

At that moment Moonlight appeared beside Ruth and whispered that Standing Bear was also a prisoner with the girl's sweetheart. Moonlight then ran down below to aid the Buffaloes.

Ruth was about to follow, when she saw Crouching Mole creeping toward her. Looking in the other direction, she saw the rope bridge, built over the canyon. Turning

quickly, she ran toward the bridge and started to cross. As she was half way over, she saw the evil face of Henley. The girl was trapped on the bridge, not knowing which way to turn. Suddenly, she saw Crouching Mole tampering with the rope. With a cry she tarted toward the Indian, but thinking better of it, she turned and hurried over the shaky bridge in the direction of Henley. As she had almost reached the other side, there was a snap like a pistol shot. Crouching Mole had cut the ropes.

CHAPTER XIV

Phil Stanton was having the time of his life. With Standing Bear by his side he had fought his way out of the dungeon and was about to break out into the open when the Blue Hawks swooped down. There was only one retreat—back to the dungeon, and Phil did not fancy that. Phil heard a shout go up, and then the Blue Hawks seemed to fall back. Suddenly the two Indians that Phil was grappling with turned tail and fled. Phil rushed to the outside of the pueblo dwelling and looked for Ruth.

He had arrived just in time to see Ruth on the rope bridge. Seizing a lariat on the ground, he rushed across the opening of the chasm and scrambled up the side of the cliff toward Henley. The latter saw Phil coming and he took to his heels. Stanton reached the top just as Crouching Mole had cut the ropes. Seeing Ruth clinging to the broken bridge, Phil threw his lariat. It fell over the shoulders of the frightened girl, and Phil drew her up to safety.

When they returned to the assembly hall, they were met by Standing Bear. Julia and Jim Loomis had disappeared. On the way back to the ranch, Loomis and his party encountered Stone Ear and the Indian boy, who were on their way to see Ruth. The situation was grasped immediately by the quick-witted Loomis. He dispatched the Indian boy to Ruth, instructing him to say that Stone Ear was at the ranch.



"All right," said the game girl, "if that is my only chance, I will take it"

Outside the pivoted rock, Moonlight was bidding Standing Bear a tender farewell. "I am going on a secret mission," he told her. "Warn Princess White Eagle not to leave the canyon until I return tomorrow." Hardly had he gone when the Indian boy arrived and demanded to be taken to Ruth. Not listening to the warning of Moonlight, Ruth set out for the ranch with Phil.

The ranch house and vicinity seemed unusually quiet and peaceful as they approached. Leaving their horses at the tethering post, both entered. Ruth gave a cry of delight as she saw Stone Ear, quite alone, in the parlor. She brought forth the Sacred Wampum and the amulet. Suddenly a door crashed open and Henley appeared. Before either Phil or the girl could make a move, he had snatched the wampum and amulet. As Phil sprang for the man, the other doors leading to the room opened and Loomis and his men entered. Resistance was useless.

"What does this mean, Jim?" Phil demanded.

"It means that I alone intend to learn the secret of the Golden Pool. Stone Ear will tell me the secret of the Wampum Belt and amulet." But the old squaw refused.

Henley had an idea. He drew Loomis aside and told him of a board in the floor above that could be drawn back and every move in the room watched. Loomis agreed, and then, to Ruth's surprise, called his men from the room.

Stone Ear was satisfied that they were alone and gave her attention to the Wampum Belt.

Just as Stone Ear got the right clue to the ciphers, there were signs of a commotion outside. Ruth rushed to the window and looked out. She saw the White Rider with a band of Indians forcing their way past the cowpunchers to the ranch house. Loomis and Henley ran down from the floor above and took part in the struggle.

In the free-for-all fight which followed, Phil managed to get Ruth outside the ranch house, and the White Rider did likewise with Stone Ear and her companion. Horses were waiting and the little party galloped off in the direction of the canyon.

They were now nearing the pivoted rock.

Suddenly, as the little calvacade swept to the entrance of the canyon, a shout greeted their ears. Henley and his men had taken a short cut and dashed around the corner of the entrance to prevent their entering. Phil seized the bridle of Ruth's horse and sped through the ranks of their foes.

Moonlight, on the inside of the entrance, saw Ruth coming and gave the signal for the pivoted rock to be raised. The girl and Phil had just arrived at the opening when Henley and one of his men fell upon them. Phil leaped from his saddle and grappled with Henley, as the other assailant started for Ruth.

As Ruth was about to enter, under the pivoted rock, she heard a cry escape from Phil's lips, and saw that Henley had knocked him down. She started back to help, and at the same moment, Moonlight, believing that Ruth had arrived safely inside the entrance, ordered the rock lowered.

Phil had now risen to his feet, and stumbling toward Henley, he aimed a powerful blow at the man's jaw knocking him over completely. He was about to rush to the entrance, when the other cowpunchers sprang on him from behind. With tiger-like fury, Ruth rushed at the attacker of the man she loved. He, feeling her clinging to him, swung around quickly, causing the girl to lose her footing. Her head struck on a small stone which jutted out and she lost consciousness, while above her the pivoted rock slowly descended. Phil, still struggling, gave a gasp of horror as he saw the girl about to be crushed to death.

CHAPTER XV

Suddenly, he saw the rock start upward slightly. Doubtless, Moonlight had seen the girl's predicament. Phil saw his opportunity, and he sent Henley sprawling in the dust. Then, rushing for the entrance

to the canyon, he picked up Ruth and stumbled in.

A few moments later, they were both before Stone Ear in the assembly room. Stone Ear studied the tokens for a moment, and then she spoke:

"Go to the cave of

the trident and follow the signs of the trident to the end of the cave. At the end of the cave you will find writing on the wall which will tell you how you should dispose of the Golden Pool. But the location of the Cave of the Trident is known only to whoever is the chief of the Buffaloes."

Moonlight whispered to Ruth that Standing Bear would return to the canyon that night—they would have to wait until then.

At that moment, they were all startled to see Loomis approaching. His face wore a troubled expression. "I want to apologize to you," he said, "for the actions of Henley. It was not my fault, and I have discharged him and his hangers-on. I hope you will return to the ranch and make it your home as long as you like."

For a moment Ruth was suspicious, but her own unselfish disposition got the better of her. Consequently, she told him of the fact that Standing Bear's return would decide the fate of the pool.

Loomis could hardly wait to get outside the canyon again. Finally he saw his chance, and slipping from the assembly room he joined Julia Wells and the rest of the party. "Henley must watch for Standing Bear tonight," he told her. "He must capture him and bring him to the ranch."

Henley received full instructions, and that night found him at the entrance of the canyon waiting for Standing Bear. Although the Indian put up a splendid fight, the cowpunchers were too much for him, and he was led off a prisoner.

Loomis had lingered in the vicinity of the canyon to learn the next move of Ruth and her friends. He chuckled with delight as he heard of the consternation wrought by the disappearance of Standing Bear. The next news reaching his ears was not so pleasing. Ruth Randolph had decided to give the pool to the Buffaloes, in case Standing Bear was not heard from. He hurried to Gray Wolf and told him what he had heard. The chief of the Blue Hawks was furious.

"We must prevent the appearance of Princess White Eagle at the rendering of judgment," he said.

Returning to the ranch, Gray Wolf and Loomis were further angered to learn of the escape of Standing Bear. He had called in Henley and promised to lead him to the Cave of the Trident. Henley, unsuspecting, had freed the Indian, only to have the chief spring upon him and escape from the ranch on a horse.

(To be concluded)

Phil saw Ruth on the hanging bridge, Gray Wolf holding one end and Henley the other



Gray Wolf saw the danger of the girl's threat, and he ordered the Blue Hawks to hold her



The Sign of the Trident

Adapted by Herbert Crooker,
from the Pathe photoplay serial,
"White Eagle," starring Ruth
Roland. Original story by
Val Cleveland.

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A Prince of the Pullman

By Myrtle Gebhart

THERE'S nothing like a publicity office to take the kick out of your imagination.

Now, I ask you, when you're told to do a story about Tom Meighan's habit of transcontinental commuting from picture to picture, and when you have such a lovely story all fixed up—mentally—about how he was actually born in a Pullman—and if he squelched it all by stating quite calmly that he most decidedly wasn't, but first saw the light of day through Pittsburgh's smoke, now wouldn't that just make you boil?

But you couldn't fuss at Tommy, with his roguish eyes a-twinkling at you and the smile of him a-comin' out in spite of the gravity of the situation—what *could* be more important than arranging a suitable birth-place for our Hero? So I'll have to blame it on that quality of prosaic matter-of-factness that publicity offices fairly breathe.

Tommy had come to meet me and pilot me past the beautiful Dragoness who guards the Famous Players-Lasky outer office, and escort me to the inner sanctums of officialdom. There, amid files of "stills" and batches of "copy," the rattletrap of coughing Underwoods, Tommy Meighan calmly took the "kick" out of my carefully arranged story.

"No, I'm afraid I wasn't born in a Pullman, nor did I spend my childhood 'trouping,'" said the screen's prize commuter. "My parents weren't stage people, though my wife's were. Tommy, you know, is married to Frances Ring, behind whom are four generations of stage-folk.

Now, if he'd been an ordinary interviewee, he'd have mentally swapped families with her and let me believe that *he* is descended of theatrical lineage—thus leaving my story of his birth in a berth a beautiful fantasy.

But Tommy isn't the kind of a chap you ballyhoo or write publicity yarns about unless you want to get his Irish dander up—which I most decidedly don't! Those eyes of his, usually so quizzical, don't snap of a sudden just for nothing! There is a dominant note to him, acquired methinks from wrestling with recalcitrant porters in his early career as a traveler de luxe—on the other fellow's bean-bag—and he has a notable agility. Can it be, I wonder, from climbing into upper berths?

"I didn't tread the boards until after leaving college," he continued, "but since then I've had my share of traveling—on other folks' bankrolls."

His share! Shades of punched railroad tickets! He's been from Coast to Coast *twenty times* and has made six trips to Europe to star in stage productions—and it has never cost him a cent! That is my idea of a perfect life.

When I came out to California, fresh from apartment-housed Chicago, I was wild with enthusiasm over the scenic beauties en route, and such a profusion of them did mine eyes encounter that they left

a mingled, chaotic memory . . . mountains . . . rivers . . . dusky vales.

And here Tommy Meighan states whimsically that he has a pet name for every creek that trembles beneath the train's wheels! Be there a hamlet nestled between lordly hills—Tommy recognizes it as an old friend. Does a fair hand—or an aged, wrinkled one—wave a welcome from an isolated shack in the desert—it is for Tommy, who's liable to be passing today, and if not this morning, then tomorrow surely.

"I get awfully tired of chasing from the East to the West, with one picture made here and the next there," he admitted, "but in a way I think I have acquired from my almost constant traveling a mint of experience—there's such a wealth of life to be found along the road: new faces, lessons in human nature"—all of which are a mine upon which he

draws in etching his wonderful characterizations upon the silver sheet.

He refused to adopt my suggestion of an aeroplane which, I contend, would reduce his business of crossing the country to a fine art. A plunge in the Pacific on a Monday and a Thursday afternoon dip in the Atlantic has its appeal; he could enjoy his bi-weekly swim in either Ocean which happened to be handy; after a week of strenuous working and sleeping in our quiet village, he could fly back to Manhattan for a week-end tour of the new shows. All of which he admits would be agreeable. But Tommy avers that aeroplanes have been known to bump people to earth too sudden—and Tommy dislikes being bumped.

You may think I'm getting awfully familiar, calling him "Tommy" on such short acquaintance—but really how can you do otherwise with a chap who has a way of looking way, way down at you, as if he were your big brother and would just as soon spank you as not, if you don't behave?

He knows all the conductors, porters and station agents along the line. The supercilious cullud man who is supposed to polish your shoes and help you climb the ladder to the upper is not "George" to him, but "Jehosaphat" or "Ezekial" or whatever his dusky mamma christened him; and Tommy never forgets to ask after the little pickaninnies. Consequently, the word supercilious has long since disappeared from the vocabulary of the service tendered him. The minute the word goes down the aisle that "Meighan's with us this trip," the dining-car steward, flanked by menials, hastens to his drawing-room, armed with offerings.

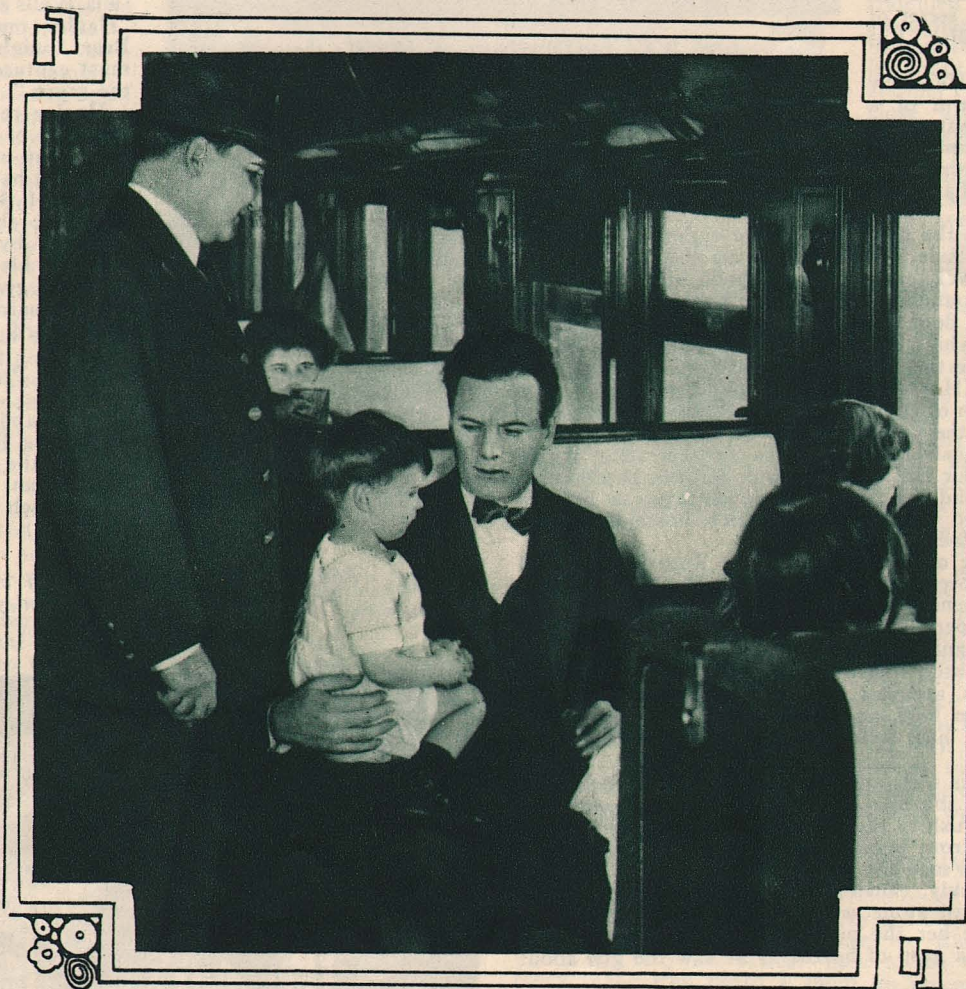
Seldom is he forced to the unpleasant experiences that are the lot of the less-traveled. Never, he swore to me upon the solemn vow of crossing his heart, has he had to give up his lower berth to a fat dowager. He knows all the places where you can stretch your legs without fear of being left behind—and all the station soda-fountains in Arizona where you can park forty cents and get a spoonful of ice cream. Sometimes he makes "train-stuff" in his pictures—and then he feels right at home. On such occasions he acts as *technical director*.

Tommy went East to make "Cappy Ricks," returned to the Vine Street studios to screen "A Prince There Was" and "If You Believe It, It's So," which didn't mean anything to *me*, though Tommy may have been in on the joker behind the title. Then he jumped the rollers for a week's vacation in Gotham—and came right back to make "The Proxy Daddy," in which naturally he had to "location" all over Arizona and down around the border. Just now he is making scenes daily between here and Long Beach—on the rattlers.

"Down in Arizona," he complained, "we had to travel every day twenty miles back and forth from our hotel to the 'location' on automobile flat-cars hitched behind an engine and running on the railroad tracks."

His great longing just now is for a home. He is happily married—and intends remaining that way. And, much as I love and root for this golden land of California—I've been here a year, therefore I'm a dyed-in-the-wool native; you get that way here in no time—I'll have to admit that Tommy would rather live in New York. "I like to work better out here, because I can concentrate on it to greater purpose—there's nothing else to do!" he told me. "But the majority of my friends are in the East, my family and my wife's. And as I seem to get along well with Frances' folks, there's really no reason why I shouldn't want to live there!"

(Continued on Page 30)



Tommy makes friends with everybody along the line, and everybody in the train, too—especially kiddies

Patrician Grace

By Susan Small

CLAIRE WINDSOR is one of the best-dressed women of the film colony. Her clothes bear always that infinite art of selection and blending in accordance with the dictates of breeding.

She is the medium tall, blonde type of fragile beauty expressed in patrician lines and grace of dignity.

"I like simplicity, the effect of line, rather than fluffy ruffles and gee-gaws," she told me. "So many women think they are well dressed when they decorate and trim themselves like one of the new ornate apartment buildings, layers and layers of ribbons, beads, laces, junk. They aren't fetching—they are ludicrous. Taste should govern every purchase, no matter how small.

Her favorite Spring street-frock is of black satin and crepe with a belt of roses of the same material. She likes loose flowing sleeves whenever possible.

One frock that appealed to me personally was a knitted silk in Chinese design. The skirt and sleeveless coat were of black jersey trimmed with the blouse-material. With it she wears a black leather hat with a large jet pin.

Her evening gowns are of soft materials mostly in pastel shades or black. There are few flaming colors and no discordant notes in trimmings. I liked best her pearl gown—perhaps because I have a penchant for pearls and the only way I can gratify it is to see them on movie stars! But she is so ethereal in her blonde, statuesque beauty and exquisite coloring that it seems somehow fitting to see her sheathed with their pale white luster.

"Yes, I love pearls," she laughed when I accused her of making the poor little oysters work overtime. "When they are fitting to the occasion. But I never wear them with street or sport clothes."

"Tell the PANTOMIME readers first of all that I like *sensible* things," she begged with an appealing gesture of slim white hands. "We movie folks don't spend all our money on clothes. And most of us like the same quiet things worn by women of good taste the world over. That's the whole secret of successful dressing—taste."



The hat directly above is a novelty of black Spanish crepe mounted with a large Spanish comb, to the left are shown the rhinestone anklets, which are the newest fad in Los Angeles and to the right is a fur-trimmed leather "allweather" coat

Eustace Loses His Job

By His Ex-Boss

EUSTACE is gone. All the forebodings he had last week came true. Consequently his general delivery address for those who wish to finance him in his great

scheme about how to get an automobile is the best we can give for him at present.

But we do not advise investment in that idea of his, for since last week there have been so many entries in the contest that it is probably going to be a more expensive campaign than Eustace ever dreamed was possible to annex one of the cars by his method.

Every mail is bringing in the readers' coupons that serve as nominations for one of the hundred prizes offered. However, out of the hundreds that are entered only fifty-two of them have more than thirty votes, so that new entries still have more than an even chance of landing among the prize winners.

The jump in the number of contestants is probably due, at least to some extent, to the reduction in the subscription price of PANTOMIME, from \$5.00 to \$4.00 a year. According to letters which have been received, this price reduction offers a great argument as to why people should subscribe to PANTOMIME instead of purchasing it at the newsstands. On the newsstands it would cost \$5.20 for a year, which is \$1.20 more than the subscription price, or more than two cents a copy. In other words, the subscriber gets the magazine delivered to his own home for less than eight cents a copy, compared to ten cents a copy on the newsstands. Also the subscriber gets the magazine a day earlier.

Speaking of letters, there is one thing in connection with the contest that those sending in votes should remember. In order that PANTOMIME be delivered in every part of the United States, Canada and Mexico at the same time it is necessary to print it three weeks before the date which appears on the cover. That means that you cannot expect to see yourself credited with votes until at least three weeks after you have sent them in. Numberless letters have been received making inquiries in regard to the situation which is explained by this fact, so the explanation is printed here in lieu of individual answers to each inquiry.

The new combined subscription and vote coupon needs a little explanation. This coupon, signed by the candidate's name with his address, brings thirty votes. If it is accompanied by a remittance for the subscription, and the name and address of the subscriber, it adds thirty votes to the number due for the subscription payment. If it is simply signed by a candidate or one of the vote-getters, and does not contain the name and address of the subscriber, or a remittance to pay for the subscription, it brings but thirty votes.

We feel that this coupon will be of great aid to the vote-getters in securing subscriptions, for it clearly indicates to your friends exactly how many votes you get for their subscriptions and enables those in the race to win the prizes to start campaigning for votes without waiting to be sent a receipt book. Receipt books from now on will be sent only to those who send in a subscription. Further, the vote-getters have a very good argument as to why their friends should now subscribe to PANTOMIME rather than buy at the newsstands. On the newsstands it costs ten cents a week, or \$5.20 a year, while when sent on direct subscription by mail it would cost but \$4.00, which means a saving of \$1.20 a year.

Think of all the pleasure the winners of this great prize race PANTOMIME has under way are going to have this Summer with the Elkhart cars they will win. Think of how much fun it is on a hot Summer's night to hop into an automobile for a nice long spin in the country away from the city's heat and turmoil. Think of how good it makes you feel to breathe the clean, clear air of the open country, to lunch in a shady by-way on a brook's bank, in a clean, grassy nook, build a campfire to make your coffee. Anyone who has ever owned a car could add volumes to these few lines, and those that



EUSTACE AND HIS SCHEME.

I'm goin' to make four years' salary widin de next six months. I know a guy what's makin' scads of money and he says he will pay me two thousand plunks for de sedan what's de main prize in de con- ain't got so many votes and I can buy test. Well, de guy what's winnin' it now what I needs at \$10 for every 9,000, and den send a two years' subscription to PANTOMIME to me friends.

De only thing what keeps me from quittin' and startin' dis scheme is dat it may take a little financin'—meanin' dat I may need some coin what I ain't got in order to treat enough of me friends to de best movie magazine in de field to cop de first prize. But for a thousand plunks I can get 900,000 votes and if dat ain't enough to win de sedan, it will mean dat John D. Rockefeller has swapped de Standard Oil for PANTOMIME subscriptions, and dere ain't no chance of dat, do you think?

So's even if we got to spend de thousand plunks dere still is a thousand clear, and anyone what wants to give me de coin can have whatever dey and me think is right out of de profits. Address me care of PANTOMIME, or maybe you better make it just general delivery, New York City, which is safer, cuz de stenographer what opens de mail here is so jealous she'd probably never let me know about it.

have not owned a car really don't know what pleasures they're missing in this greatest of all modern inventions.

To really enjoy life today from the standards that America knows, one must possess an automobile. Next to an automobile in the estimation of many people, a phonograph comes. At least, the writer thinks so. For he can recall many interesting and pleasant evenings at home playing over his operatic selections for the benefit of his friends and himself, and many is the impromptu dance that has been enjoyed at these little gatherings.

Really, though, to write much along this score is rather a waste of space, as it is too familiar a subject to all of us to need reviewing.

The other day Frank Mayo and his charming wife paid PANTOMIME a visit and they had not been in the office more than two minutes before they were enthusiastically telling of a wonderful motor trip they had just had down the Hudson, and what a lot of fun they had, and how fine the scenery was, and little happenings that occurred along the way, and it all ended up with, "When are you going to be in again, Frank?" from PANTOMIME'S editor, and the parting word was, "Just as soon as I get back from a motor trip through the mountains."

That's what you hear everywhere you go and where those who love life and whom life loves have a car.

Stars in the \$22,000 Race

Name	Votes
Hazel M. Buel, Burlington, Kans.....	9150
G. Reichman, New York City.....	9090
J. A. Fisher, Montello, Mass.....	6000
E. J. Miller, Jersey City, N. J.....	3150
Betty C. Hitchins, Frosburg, Md.....	3090
L. Rumpakis, Portland, Ore.....	3000
J. Kirscher, New York City.....	3000
E. Whitelock, Martinsburgh, W. Va....	1420
B. W. Sims, Pensacola, Fla.....	1030
A. Lopez, Long Beach, L. I.....	420
G. Banta, Long Island City, N. Y....	330
Katherine Charmello, Derby, Conn....	270
J. J. Oppenheim, New York City....	240
A. L. List, New York City.....	240
R. Rippert, Dixon, Ill.....	240
L. A. Choouinard, Lynn, Mass.....	240
Constance Erbaugh, Dayton, O.....	210
A. M. Ford, Auburn, Me.....	210
Florence Schultz, Chicago, Ill.....	210
W. Duff, Chicago, Ill.....	210
J. De Bernardinis, Brooklyn, N. Y....	180
H. E. Ogle, Libby, Mont.....	180
E. Cummings, Cincinnati, O.....	180
G. R. Griffin, Seymour, Conn.....	180
Rosemary Diegan, Chicago, Ill.....	180
J. Miller, New York City.....	150
Pauline Sesso, Washington, D. C.....	150
Cora Monteverdi, Orange, N. J.....	150
Beatrice Whalen, Sioux City, Iowa....	150
Rose Yedel, Dickinson, Tex.....	120
Mrs. J. P. Hennessey, New York City	120
Isabella Caywood, New York City.....	120
E. S. Hoover, Gretna, Nebr.....	120
S. Apostol, New York City.....	120
Geneva Kappes, Waynesburg, Pa.....	120
H. Paulson, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	120
T. W. Hikert, Perry, N. Y.....	120
Mrs. D. Jefferson, Schenectady, N. Y..	90
A. J. Foster, St. Louis, Mo.....	90
H. C. Moore, Defiance, O.....	90
Gertrude Brademan, Wilmington, Del..	90
J. Bolger, Salt Lake City, Utah.....	90
Mrs. M. Waggoner, Dallas, Tex.....	90
Mrs. E. S. Rogers, Marion, Ill.....	60
Alma Smith, Asheville, N. C.....	60
A. J. Alexander, Boise, Idaho.....	60
J. W. Magowan, Mt. Sterling, Ky.....	60
Suzie H. Horn, Rochester, N. Y.....	60
W. Kachnowsky, New Britain, Conn....	60
F. A. Martines, Roanoke, Va.....	60
Maria Stowell, Franklin, O.....	60
W. Dailey, Omaha, Nebr.....	60
J. H. Abbott, Atlanta, Ga.....	30
S. Aiola, Meadville, Pa.....	30
Betty Arabic, McDonoughville, La....	30
F. Beckham, San Antonio, Tex.....	30
L. F. Brown, Farmington, Ill.....	30
R. T. Coit, South Orange, N. J.....	30
M. Colgrove, Hemlock, N. Y.....	30
S. Colton, Newark, N. J.....	30
V. Cordara, Hoboken, N. J.....	30
Mrs. M. M. Dacey, Hoolden, W. Va....	30
Dorothy Darnell, Oak Park, Ill.....	30
S. Dofsky, Chicago, Ill.....	30
M. Delinsky, Jacksonville, Fla.....	30
A. DeSanto, Duluth, Minn.....	30
R. G. Douglas, Shinniston, W. Va....	30
Dolly Feldman, New York City.....	30
Vera Ginda, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	30
H. C. Gussion, New York City.....	30
J. Hoxie, Guatemala Bay, Cula.....	30
Theresa Hughes, New York City.....	30
Grace Jacobson, Washington, D. C....	30
A. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.....	30
W. Jones, Kansas City, Kans.....	30
M. Kleinerman, New York City.....	30
B. Kupperstein, New York City.....	30
T. B. Lavery, Bristol, Conn.....	30
Elizabeth McGahan, Philadelphia, Pa..	30
Mrs. Peggy Mack, Brooklyn, N. Y....	30
L. Marshall, New Bedford, Mass.....	30
P. W. Matuszewski, New Castle, Pa....	30
J. Milan, Omaha, Nebr.....	30
R. O'Neill, St. Louis, Mo.....	30
Mrs. W. J. Ospring, Poplar Bluff, Mo..	30
Mario Parello, Newark, N. J.....	30
A. Pulcrano, Lakewood, N. J.....	30
F. Racker, Meriden, Conn.....	30
S. Randall, New York City.....	30
J. Rocco, Philadelphia, Pa.....	30
L. Roescher, Memphis, Tenn.....	30
L. Schwartz, New York City.....	30
Mrs. O. S. Scott, Leavenworth, Kans..	30
Blanche Seguin, Toledo, O.....	30
T. C. Stewart, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	30
J. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa.....	30
Cathryn Weathers, Glen Allen, Miss..	30

Peggy of Pantomime-Land

By Margaret Maurice

"HOW do?" a serious little voice greeted me, there on the Century "lot" between stages, and two soft brown eyes held me. I even stood for some minutes imbedded in gooey mud to talk with Baby Peggy Montgomery, the Century comedienne extraordinaire, and it is one of the rules of my life never to stand in gooey mud for anybody, not even a star.

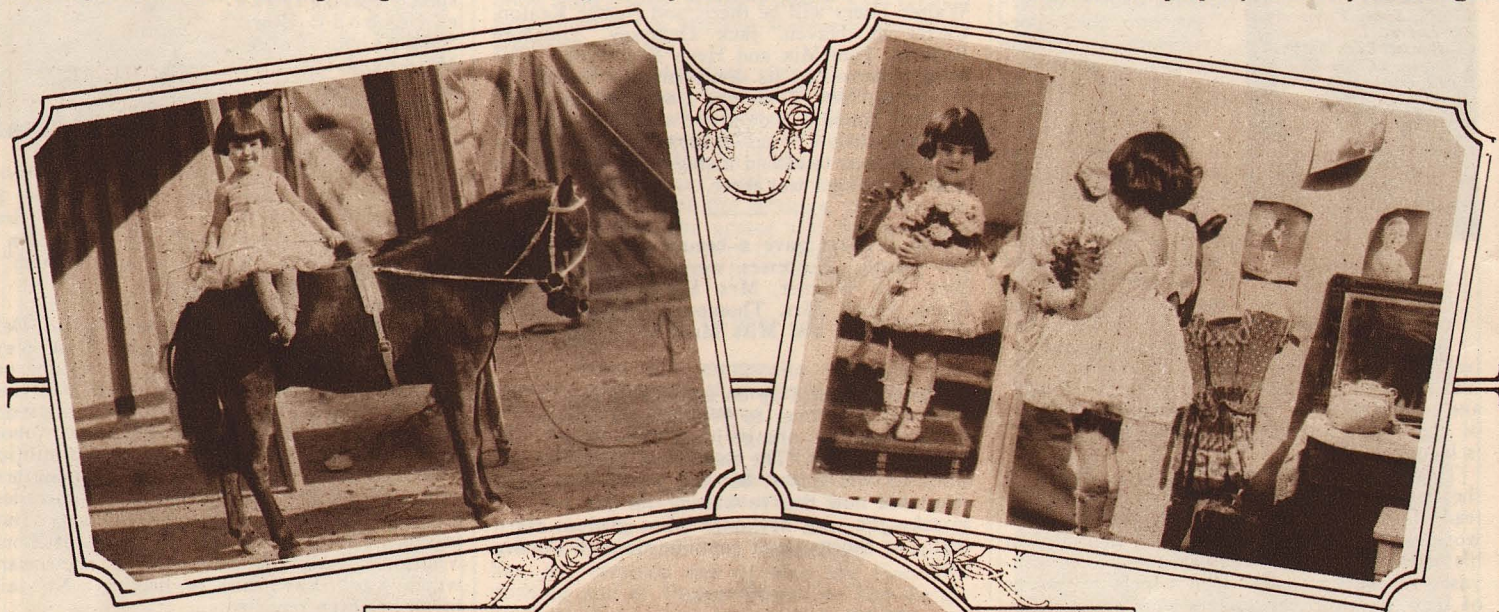
But Baby Peggy is such a quaint little creature, with her plump baby body and her queer, at times almost mature, mind that you just want to stay and probe deeper. She does say the most astonishing things!

does not answer you readily, but talks very slowly and solemnly, as if she were giving deep thought to your words. Of course, she isn't, for she's only just past two years old; it is just a quaint mannerism that she is unconscious of, that she doesn't "bubble" as do lots of children. Her humor is the kind that is bred in pathos and solemnity. "But I hafta work lots. I like work—don' you?" It is all such a serious proposition to her, this making comedy; but who can say that in the quaint, little old-ladyish self of her she doesn't get some "kick" out of it that we mere grown-ups can't fathom?

as the ordinary kid. She and her older sister, who has worked in a few pictures, both have to toe the mark."

Baby Peggy is really a much prettier child off the screen than on. In her pictures she is a plump, solemn little package—but you could scarcely rave about her beauty. But really she is quite pretty—and has big soft brown eyes that she squints up before the camera because of the sun and strong lights.

Peggy is engaged to be married. Of course she may have to wait a few years, because even in this progressive community where children are property owners you can't get a



She doesn't know what it means to be afraid of animals and she is never happier than when sharing the screen with one

The director called. That's a pet habit directors have—interrupting interviews. We went upstairs to the set where she was to work.

"Careful," she cautioned me in her slow, precise speech. "Don' fall. I'd hafta stop an' pick you up an' I'm in hur—hur-ry."

It was a bathroom set and the comedy Baby Peggy got out of that tub was a scream. She is so intensely serious in everything she does. And often she will forget what the director tells her to do and, instinctively you might say, interpolates action of her own that makes the scene even funnier. She is such a plump little thing and moves so slowly and solemnly—Baby Peggy is but half-past two, you know—that she is the most comical in her very solemnity. She is a baby Chaplin, for from her pathos comes humor.

Everything on the "set" was tiny, to match Peggy. And a little tripod held the camera at a height just above an average man's knees. For Baby Peggy is a star of Century comedies now. And stars must have everything made convenient for them.

"How do you like being a movie star, Peggy?" I asked during a wait between scenes when she settled beside me with a doll in her arms.

"Fine, fine," she answered slowly. She



Peggy was selected from hundreds of applicants to play leading lady to Brownie. Now she's a star herself

"Let's sneak away and go get an ice cream soda," I suggested.

She pondered the question for fully five minutes. I had come to the conclusion that she hadn't fully understood me when at last she turned to me and shook her head regretfully.

"Tain't," she said. "I'd get tanned—right here." And she proceeded to turn her back and hold up her dress to show me the customary receiving station for her tannings.

"Why, Daddy wouldn't dream of tanning a movie star!" I was shocked.

"Don't even think Daddy wouldn't!" a soft voice answered, as Mr. Montgomery joined us. "Peggy will be no spoiled prodigy if we can help it. She gets her tannings as often

She is entirely feminine in her love of clothes and one sure way of keeping them clean is to leave her in front of a mirror

license at two years of age. But she has the ring—a little chip-diamond affair which Peggy wears on the proper finger and shows upon every provocation—and that's the most important item. She is confident that her fiancé—Harold Hurley, a publicity man—will wait for her.

Baby Peggy likes dolls and has three. She told me the names of her children and what a time she has dressing and undressing them and washing their faces and all. She had some scraps of silk that she said she was going to make into dresses for them.

She was more interested in her modeste activities than in donning the lovely pink silk, fluffy frock that she is to wear in her present comedy.

I am glad they are going to dress her up for once. They always make her wear such odd old clothes. Remember "Chums," when she was garbed as an imitation Pauline Frederick in Western togger? She has just finished "Peggy, Behave," and is doing "The Little Angel." She left comedy for a brief excursion into the drama in Marshall Neilan's "Fools First."

And she also appeared in "Foolish Wives" and attended the premiere of that picture here when starshine mingled with mere society glitter. It was, in fact, the first time

(Continued on Page 30)

Pantomime

By Myrtle Gebhart



Paragraphs

from Hollywood

AT last "Omar" seems on his way to your theatre. The poor chap's "Rubaiyat" seemed destined for disintegration—but the squabble between Ferdinand Pinney Earle, producer and his backers has been patched up and he is completing the editing of the film from his sick-bed.



Wallie Reid is "dictating" around the Mexican border.

It was a controversy of Mammon vs. Art. It seemed that the financiers objected to Earle's artistic excursions into their pocket-books—and Earle objected, reasonably, I think, to the habit of one of his lady-backers of giving "pink teas" at the studio. Charles Wakefield Cadman, who composed the musical accompaniment, aligned himself with Mr. Earle and refused to permit his music to be played with any showing of the picture not authorized by the producer. But they couldn't very well show it, for Earle held a piece of "Omar" and somebody else ran away with another part of the film. But now it seems that "Omar" is being sewed up.

The picture is a marvelous thing, involving the use of "motion-painting" backgrounds instead of the regular sets. I watched Mr. Earle working on it time and again and marveled at his use of paintings—regular small-sized canvases—as backgrounds, upon which, by means of triple exposure, characters were shown moving about.

Earle spent five years in research work for the picture. And he had his troubles with his technical staff! His technical expert was an explosive chap, Prince Raphael Emmanuel, once chieftain of a famed Chaldean tribe. But our help-yourself system of corned-beef and cabbage didn't agree with the Prince's esthetic digestion. His desire for glory on the screen was great—but not as great as the aroma of the cabbage. So the Prince packed up one day and returned to the land of long, gurgling pipes and harems. Well, if the Prince didn't like us, some of us got a quite a kick out of the Prince! All in all, Earle had few troubles—and I'm glad at last "Omar" is about to be seen.

"THE DICTATOR"—alias Wallie Reid—is dictating down around the border. Funny, but they always go to Tia Juana for South American atmosphere. I was there once and I got something—but it wasn't atmosphere. There's plenty of red blood and gold-braid heroism in the picture. It is not an *autoplay*.

Agnes Ayres and Conrad Nagel are making scenes in the interior of a log lodge for "The Ordeal." It's one of those cunning little hunting lodges he-men always have—in the movies—with costly rugs strewn about and grand pianos and things. It puzzles me how they are supposed to get those pianos up the mountain trails.



Norma Talmadge has packed her costume in moth-balls and gone East.

The Hollywood Athletic Club plans a smoker soon, with the he-stars shining in brief acts. Walter Hiers will be there, and Buster Keaton, Carter de Haven, Jack Dempsey, Theodore Roberts, Tom Mix and Herb Rawlinson. This being a dame has its disadvantages, though, to be sure, Colleen Moore and I are thinking something of donning male attire and slipping in on the festivities. It has always been one of my pet ambitions to attend a stag-party without the stags knowing I was there.

The Writers gave a beautiful tea-party for 150 guests. Hostesses were Marion Fairfax, Mrs. Rob Wagner, Mrs. Elmer Harris, Mrs. Frank Wood, Mrs. Thompson Buchanan, Mrs. A. S. LeVino and Miss Mary O'Connor.

The Storm held up on account of rain! No, I haven't been over to Wallie Reid's house. I wrote that on orange-juice. It's true. The company filming "The Storm" at Universal finished its wet-scenes, but the wetness wouldn't cease and now they're waiting for the sun so's to take the nice dry ones. I'm glad to learn that The Storm won't continue through all five reels.

LITTLE Richard Headrick deserves another medal. He rescued a little girl who fell in to the water in a local natatorium and towed her to safety. As Richard is but four, he didn't get at all excited over the kiss the diminutive young miss extended in thanks.

There's a new actress over at the Tom Mix hacienda. Her name is Tomasina and her mother was Victoria Ford before she took up with Tom. Maybe Tomasina will tell me her future plans when she quits wrinkling up her tiny red nose and crying for her ambrosial nectar.

'Tis said that Mack Sennett and a group of associates have purchased a mine and found gold or something in it.

Theodore Kosloff's ballet of eleven lovely girls participated in the Valentine Carnival Dinner dance and ball at the Hotel Green in Pasadena.

Constance Talmadge celebrated her sixth anniversary of motion picture work with a luncheon at which many of the girls who commenced their careers along with her were present. It was *some* talkfest.

Reginald Werrenrath, here for a concert engagement, was entertained by Jackie Coogan and was guest of honor at a dinner given by Mantague Glass. Present were Charlie Chaplin and Mr. and Mrs. Rob Wagner.

They're all at sea over at Christie's. Neal Burns is getting seasick on the rocking boat erected upon Mr. Christie's firm backyard—what with aeroplane propellers generating wind and fire hoses supplying the sea to wash over the decks, it's a nautical life. The "long shots" were taken on a Catalina steamer.

THE local premiere of "Foolish Wives"—another of those five-dollar ticket affairs—was attended by a galaxy of fillumites, many of whom panned the picture unmercifully. (You feel that you can, when you pay five bucks to see it.) Herb Rawlinson and his dimples opened the party, with a complimentary speech eulogizing everybody. Gloria Swanson, Colleen Moore, Lila Lee, Jackie Coogan, Charles Chaplin, Elinor Glyn and Rudolph Valentino were there—also a couple of hundred others. But what with watching Erich von Stroheim villianize all over the screen, I had no time for mere starshine.



All the stars were at the Hollywood \$5 premiere of Eric Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives."

"Gimme \$100 worth of tickets," said Dale Fuller—and took all her friends. Dale plays the servant role in the picture. Then she entertained 'em as supper at the Green Mill Gardens after the Show. Mayhap they needed resuscitating—watching Mr. Von has a most devitalizing effect upon the ladies' sensibilities.

At the same hour of the Los Angeles premiere, the picture was shown—as an object-lesson to the convicts in the Arizona state prison. That preview was in honor of Louis Victor Eytinge, life who wrote "Peterman" which Herb Rawlinson is making. No jail-break has been reported.

Betty Compson and Tom Moore were guests of honor at a ball given by the San Francisco Shriners, their wives and families, in Truckee. The Shriners went up there in a special train for the party. Betty and Tom are filming "Over the Border."

Harold Lloyd learned auction bridge en route from New York with Mr. and Mrs. Hal E. Roach and Mildred Davis and her mother. Now he has found a way to occupy himself between scenes without standing around and looking at Mildred. Though, for that matter, the card-table *does* offer opportunities.

HERE'S one too good to keep. The tourist season is now in full swing. The other day a hefty dame from Nashville, Tenn., and her daughter slipped past the guardian of the Sennett lot and buttonholed Ben Turpin. Ben listened patiently to a long tale of the ambitious chicken's ability but finally got a chance to slip a word in to the effect that he didn't think the girl would have much chance to rival Mary Pickford as the business is slightly overcrowded.



Ben Turpin had an exciting session with the mother of an alleged future star.

Well, did that mother rise up? What she said to Ben was sufficient. "You all are throwing away the opportunity of a lifetime, sir," she cried in Ben's face. "Why, you might have your pictures associated with one of the oldest names of the South. They'd even give you a write-up in the Nashville Banner!"

Ben passed about about that time.

Knighthood Blooms Again

By Leo A. Pollock

MARION DAVIES is fulfilling the ambition of her professional career. For years she has dreamed of playing the part of Princess Mary Tudor in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," a story that seemed to her the quintessence of Romance, Chivalry, Pomp and Circumstance. The love story of King Henry VIII's charming sister and the commoner, Charles Brandon, later the Duke of Suffolk, was, in her opinion, one of the most beautiful ever written. She immersed herself in the history of the period, read all the books she could lay her hands upon concerning Henry's reign and fancied herself amid the stirring scenes of the early sixteenth century.

Now she is spending eight or nine hours each day at Cosmopolitan Productions studios re-creating the Princess Mary for the camera. The production is being sumptuously mounted, Joseph Urban devoting the fruits of many years' study of medieval times to the designing of the settings, the costuming of the cast, the armor and the weapons of the knights. Robert G. Vignola, who directed Miss Davies in "Enchantment," is staging the play.

The New York "Times" of January 15, 1901, said:

"... Mary is a composite of many personages of fiction and, generally speaking, an interesting young person. She is Beatrice and Rosalind and Juliet all in one, with a hint of merry Constance in 'The Love Chase' and much more of a hint of Katharine the Shrew. But she is even more than that.

"In her broadly comical antics and the spirit of mischief that sometimes controls her, she reminds one of Nan the Goodfor-nothing and of Peggy Thrift in 'The Country Girl.'"



The Elopement. Princess Mary, dressed as a boy, and Charles Brandon (Forrest Stanley), a commoner, set out for Spain.



Princess Mary stands hesitatingly at the door of her drawing-room. She has arranged a meeting with Charles Brandon



Charles teaches Princess Mary the newest card game. Lady Jane Bolingbroke takes a hand and Sir Edwin Caskoden looks on.

Princess Mary Tudor feigns illness in order to get rid of her ladies-in-waiting, and safely meet Charles Brandon in her drawing-room

A Royal family argument. King Henry VIII (Lyn Harding) tells his rebellious sister, Princess Mary, that she must marry the King.

The Girl Who Just

A Tale of Persistence

IT was the sight of a barn on fire which changed the whole course of luck for Edna Williams, who occupies the unique position of being the only woman executive in the motion picture world today.

Sitting at a window of a room on West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, in New York City, trying to compose a song, she saw the bright flames flicker upward, the roof start to cave in. Nearby was a house. Had the wind been blowing from the other direction the dwelling would have been in the direct path of the flames.

It flashed through the girl's mind:

"If the wind had only blown the other way—"

What a title for a song! She sat down and within an hour wrote the song which spread like wildfire all over America and through England, which brought her in fifteen hundred dollars and which launched her on the career which today finds her one of the most successful business women in the country—an important figure in all the affairs of the R-C Pictures Corporation, one of the biggest in the country. Miss Williams has entire charge of the foreign department of the immense corporation which was recently capitalized for four million dollars.

But it was not just a whim of luck of Fate

coal mining experts of the United States and who purchased all the coal mines for the Queen of Holland. When she was only seven years old Edna used to accompany her father down into the depths of the mines.

And with this supreme confidence in her heart she set out for New York when she was only twenty. She had shown considerable ability at writing songs. Friends had painted New York in glowing colors and had told her it was the place where she belonged.

"You can do it," confirmed her mother when the girl told of her great ambition to go to New York and have her songs published.

So, with happy, comfortable memories of a good home, congenial friends and carefree days, Edna Williams set out alone on the long journey across the continent. Somehow, the little roll of money which she had with her melted away very fast and she found herself three thousand miles from home with only sixty dollars in her purse. She did not know a soul in the great city.

Confidently she set out to sell her songs. Friends on the Coast had declared they were beautiful. "All the publishers in New York would scramble for them," they prophesied. But, somehow, the city was very different

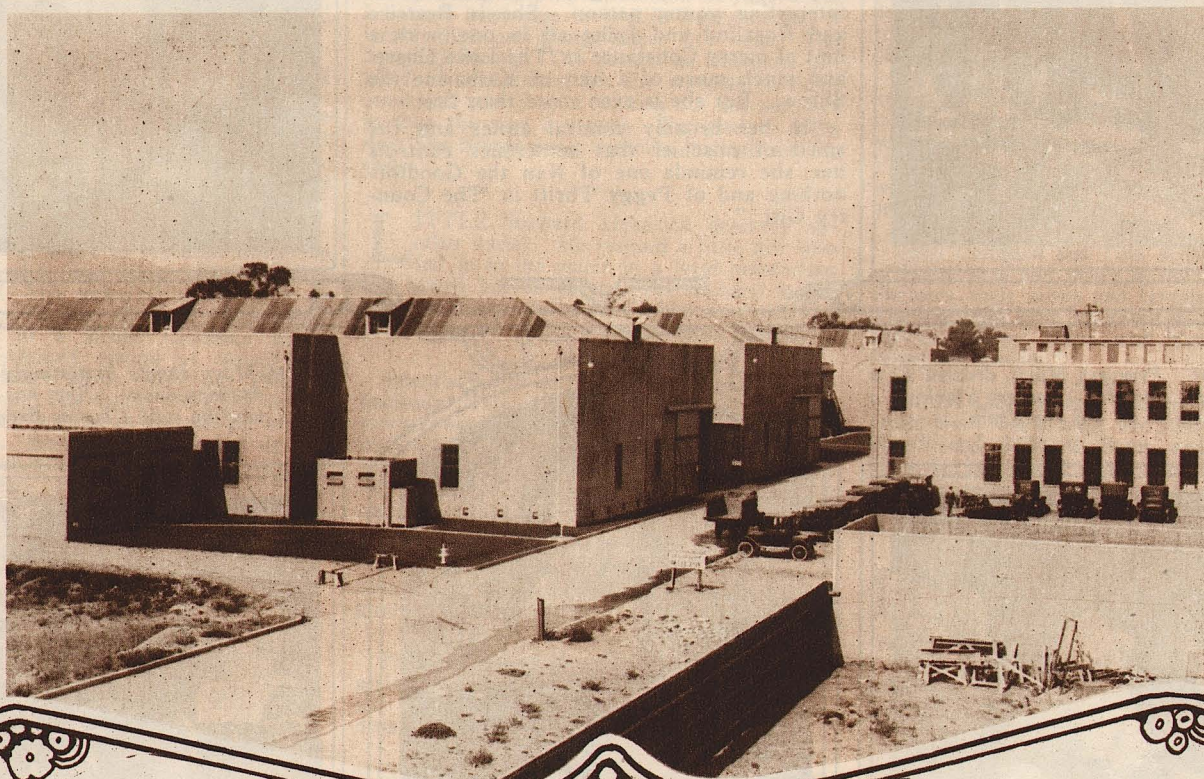
hair, to thrust out her chin, and to—go ahead.

"I was too proud to send home for money," says Miss Williams. "It was my fight, the course I had elected to go. I had no other thought than that I would eventually win.

"I'll admit it wasn't easy," she says. "When I saw I wouldn't be able to even earn my own living with my songs, I started out to peddle books. I walked over to Brooklyn in a snowstorm one day and as door after door closed in my face—well, it wasn't exactly pleasant, of course. But give up? Never!

"Next I got a job as cashier, but after a short time I got a letter from some friends in Los Angeles saying they were coming to New York to live. The husband was engaged in the advertising business. I made a bargain with them whereby I was to get my board and room in exchange for doing the housework. I had two hours each day in which to go out and try to sell my songs. Then, after a weary round of the publishing houses I would come home, tie on a kitchen apron and start in to peel potatoes for dinner. In the evenings, in my cubby hole of a room, I thought up new songs."

And it was while she was dreaming away



An "inside" view of the R. C. Studio lot. Each

of these buildings houses four huge stages.

which changed Edna Williams from an almost penniless young girl to a person of power. Behind her she had a staunch little mother who had taught her from earliest childhood the motto which had been hers all through life—just four short, simple words: "You can do it."

The little mother said them when she was called East and there was no one to run the apartment house, which she managed in Los Angeles, except her eighteen-year-old daughter. And the girl did it with entire satisfaction. Fearlessness was also taught her by her father, Charles Edward Williams, a brilliant man, who was one of the leading

from what the young girl had imagined. It was cold and indifferent. It seemed to her like a gay band wagon with many lucky ones riding on top, who looked down at her and said:

"Catch on if you can. We don't object, but we haven't time to stop and help you."

The music publishers, too, were very different human beings from what she had imagined. She found them crafty and designing. But the same spirit which had prompted her to go down a coal mine when she was seven and run an apartment house when she was eighteen prompted her to pull her sailor hat more firmly down over her blonde

at her window one evening that she saw the barn on fire. Then she wrote the song "If the Wind Had Only Blown the Other Way."

She took the song to a big music publishing house.

"You have to give me a chance," she told them. "This is my career. I'm tired of peeling potatoes."

"What are you going to do with a girl like that?" said one member of the firm throwing up his hands in exasperation. "I tell her and tell her there is nothing, but always she comes back."

Some one made the wise suggestion that they give her a chance. She played her song

Wouldn't Quit

By Sue McNamara

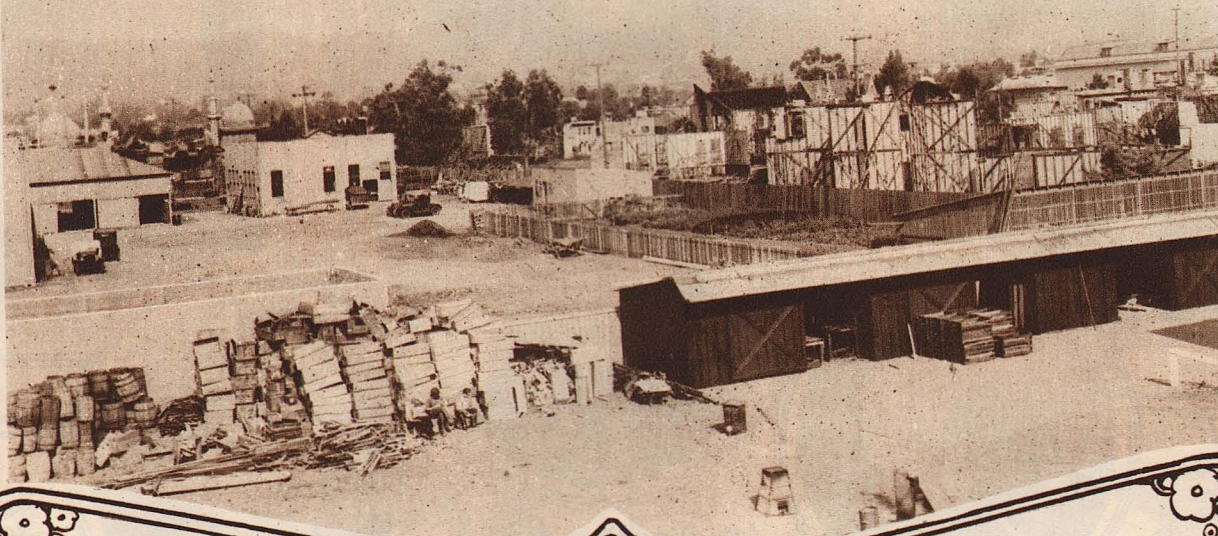
over for them. They offered her an advance of five dollars a week which was to come out of her royalties. This was in September. The song was a hit. In November she was given a salary of eleven dollars a week and in December, twenty.

It was about this time that she displayed her keen foresight as a business woman. Songs which were not exactly vulgar, but with just that little French tang of naughtiness which Americans do not know how to simulate, were much in vogue. Miss Williams seized the psychological moment and formed a partnership with Ballard McDonald for writing special stage songs. By the end of the year she was put in charge of the professional song department.

All this time she continued to write popular songs, among them being such hits as "My Turkish Opal," "The Subway Glide," "Maid of My Heart," and many others which were introduced to the public by such well-known professionals as Elizabeth Murray, Ada Reeves, Vesta Victoria, Carter DeHaven, Bessie Wynn, Marie Lloyd and others. Her shrewd business foresight enabled her to place for her firm such successful foreign productions in the musical comedy line as "The Spring Maid" and "The Rose Maid," which drew thousands from all over the country for years.

At the end of five years she was placed in charge of all the business of her publishers. The motion picture industry was then just putting forth its first faint, flickering bid for attention in America. Miss Williams' introduction to it came in a novel manner, however, through the round-about

Below is Edna Williams as she looks today—a little older than the child who came to conquer New York—but she really conquered.



A view of the Robertson Cole Studios in Los

Angeles. Not so romantic after all, is it?

way of far off Australia. Sir Ben Fuller, who owned so many theatres in New Zealand that they called the land "Fuller's Earth," came to America with a letter of introduction to her firm. He had two main objects in his visit. He wanted to see "home-made" American pictures—and he wanted to meet Thomas Edison.

They assigned to Miss Williams the job of entertaining the distinguished visitor and told her to arrange whatever he wanted. That interview with Edison! It was a "sticker." But—"It can be done," said the girl, again giving a firm tug at the staunch sailor hat.

And somehow it was done. Sir Ben got his coveted interview with the electrical wizard; he chuckled over some American home-made films—and he cast a surprised and respectful glance at this unusual young woman who seemed to get whatever she wanted.

"Guess I'll show our people in Australia some motion pictures," said Sir Ben thoughtfully. "Ah—by the way, how would you like to be my buying agent in this country?"

Of course she accepted. This was at the time when only a few small and struggling concerns were in the business—Carle Laemmle,

David Horsley, Pat Powers, Addie Kissell being among the first. But Miss Williams, with her far-sighted intelligence saw that this was to develop into one of the world's biggest industries, and, with more and more companies springing up and more and more people demanding to see the pictures, the principal need would be good stories. Thus she reasoned.

With a trunkful of books which today would be worth thousands of dollars she started for California intent on getting the film people to buy the rights of the books. Her employers shook their heads rather dubiously over the venture. It looked like a wild goose chase to them. But the girl was determined and they had come to think enough of her judgment to let her go.

In that trunk she had such present-day money-makers as the works of Sir Gilbert Parker, Edward Rice Burroughs and Rex Beach. In fact, all of the books which she carried with her on that journey have since been sold to film companies for prices ranging from ten to

(Continued on Page 30)

The War of the Beauties

A Selection by the Noted English Photographer
E. O. HOPPE

E. O. HOPPE, the noted London camera artist, who has become internationally known as an authority on feminine beauty, recently returned from a sojourn of nearly a year in America, where he made a study of types of American beauty.

Before he left America he was pressed to make public his decisions as to the most beautiful women he saw in the States; and since his return to England he has been repeatedly asked to give the names of his selected American beauties and those of his English favorites.

Until now Mr. Hoppe has remained silent. He had before him hundreds of portrait studies of the most noted examples of American and English beauty, and said the selection offered a difficult problem. In the cur-

In his English selections, Mr. Hoppe does not hesitate to give Lady Diana Manners first place.

"Lady Diana," he writes, "has been celebrated for some years as our most exquisite type of feminine loveliness. Before you note her cameo-like face you are conscious of something quite impressive in her presence. Her grace and personality stand out. To see her, even at a distance, is to marvel at her grace of movement. Her body, her hands and arms are all eloquence. Lady Diana is the purest type of Anglo-Saxon beauty known today."

This comment was particularly interesting to the London public, for it came at a time when Lady Diana had just achieved a highly successful debut as a film actress in the J.

"Is the English rose unsurpassed?" asks the editor, in presenting this much-discussed article, and adds: "There is a lot to be said for the American peach," says Mr. Hoppe. Certain it is that this noted artist and photographer has exercised a judicial restraint in his eagerly-awaited announcement.

"It is the fashion," says he, "to contrast England with America, and only natural that I should be asked, 'Which side of the 'herring pond' furnishes the most beautiful girls?' And then Mr. Hoppe discusses the chief characteristics of American and English beauties, adding, "Whether English beauty is preferable to American or surpassed by it I must leave to the reader to judge. As an artist who perceives much that is lovely on either side of the Atlantic, I am

Corrinne Griffith convinced the camera man that the typical American beauty is a brunette.

Ruby De Remer, who is Paul Hellen's idea of the most beautiful, but who is just among others according to Mr. Hoppe.



Justine Johnson also wins a place in the selections of America's most beautiful by the English photographer

Lady Diana Manners who Mr. Hoppe unhesitating puts in first place among English beauties

(Photo copyright in U. S. by E. A. Hoppe)

Anna Q. Nilsson's pronounced Norse beauty wins her a place in the list of America's best.

rent issue of an English magazine Mr. Hoppe finally breaks his silence.

But the keen analyst of the fine points of beauty is still unable to say whether American or English girls are more beautiful. Both, he declares, have their attractions. In America he found the most charming types of feminine loveliness among the screen stars, and he mentions a number of his favorite American beauties without committing himself as to which he preferred. These are Miss Marion Davies, Miss Justine Johnstone, Miss Corinne Griffith, Miss Ruby de Remer and Miss Anna Q. Nilsson. Among the American society women he met, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt was his choice as the outstanding beauty.

Stuart Blackton natural-color picture play, "The Glorious Adventure," at the Royal Opera House, London, and all the newspapers and magazines were printing glowing descriptions of the beauty and grace of Lady Diana in this elaborate seventeenth century film romance.

The other English beauties selected by Mr. Hoppe are Miss Kathlene Martyn, now playing in the Zeigfeld Follies in New York; Viscountess Dunsford, "one of the loveliest of our society women"; Miss Olga Morrison, Mrs. C. E. Eaton, and "Hebe," a noted London mannequin. Mr. Hoppe selected the majority of his English beauties from the ranks of society, whereas in America he chose actresses mainly.

unable to decide one way or the other. Indeed, beauty takes on so many forms that it is impossible to answer such a question."

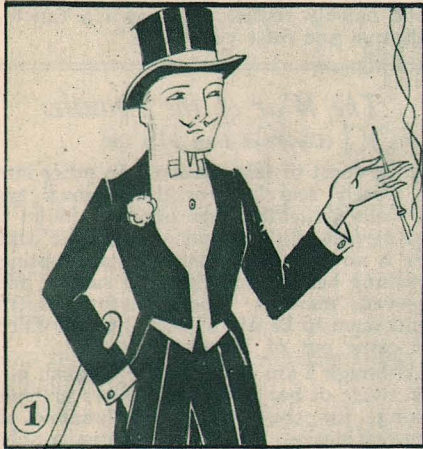
Mr. Hoppe declares the English girls surpass the American in the beauty and healthfulness of their complexions and in their ankles, which he finds more delicate than those of the Americans. He preferred the eyes and the manner of walking of the American girls, but considered the English girls dress their hair better and are less prone to adopt fads of costume and hairdressing which he criticises in the American girls. Here are several interesting paragraphs selected from his pronouncement:

"America is a perplexing country to the

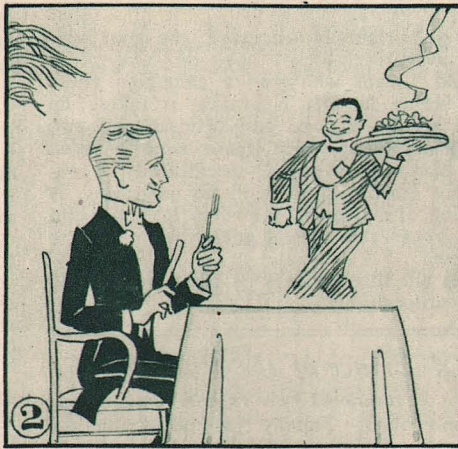
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In Sunny Italy!!

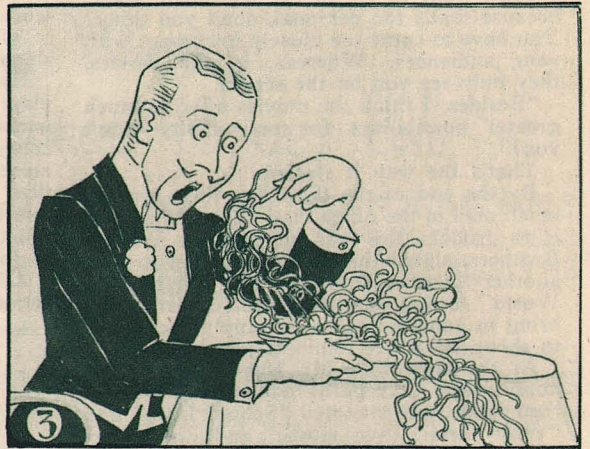
A ONE-REELER By FRED R. MORGAN



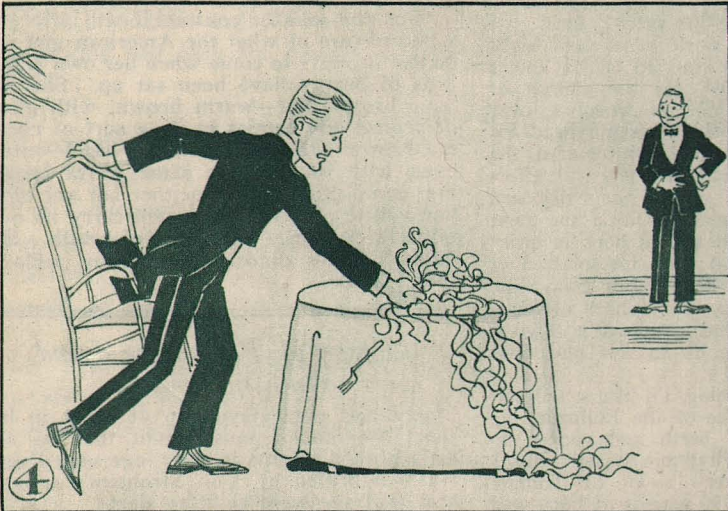
TAKE A FLASH AT
REGINALD DE PYSTER
A WEALTHY MILLIONAIRE
-HE'S RICH-VERY RICH!



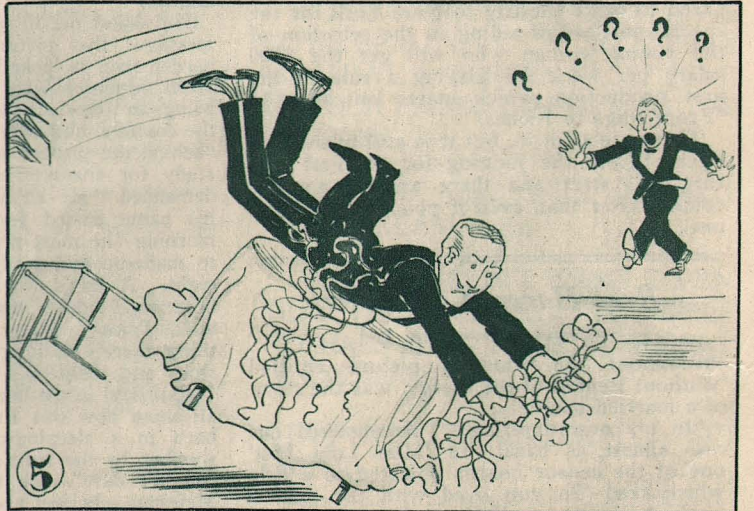
HAVING EXHAUSTED ALL
OTHER AMUSEMENTS
REGINALD ORDERS A
PLATE OF SPAGHETTI!



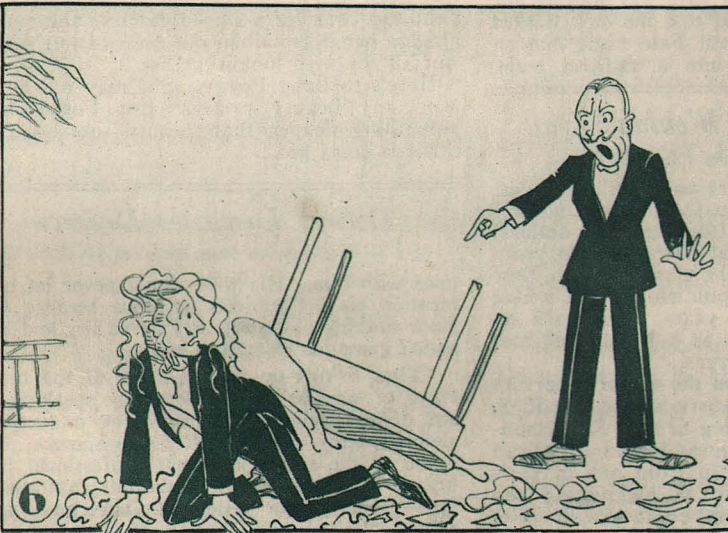
LIKE A MARRIED MANS
MONEY HIS SPAGHETTI
SLIPS FROM HIM!



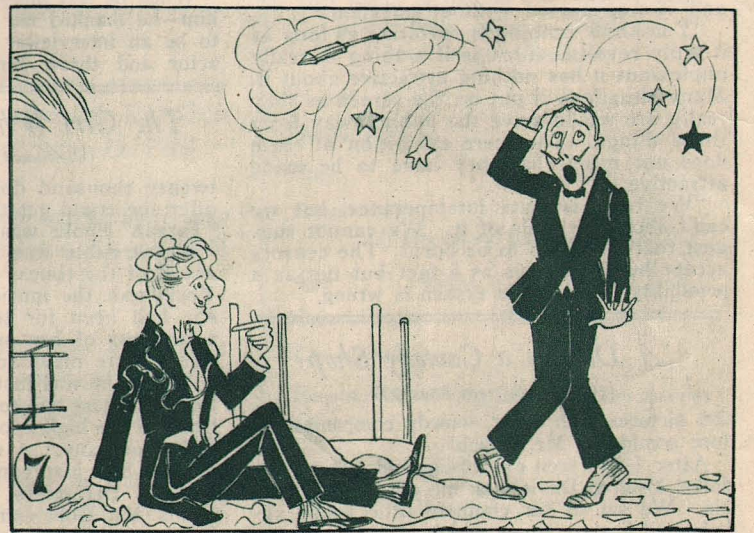
HE DECIDES TO RE-CAPTURE IT!



? ? - X X X X X X X X X X X - !!



"HEY, NO DIVING ALLOWED IN THIS CAFE - DO YOU THINK YOU ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN?"



"NO! I'VE JUST ARRIVED IN ITALY!"

Rushing Into The Movies

(Continued from Page 7)

"But all my life, I've been crazy to act. I don't want to go on the legitimate stage, because that's too personal, don't you think? You have to come too closely in contact with your audiences. Whereas, in the movies, they only see you on the screen.

"Besides, I think the movies offer so much greater possibilities for real ability—don't you?"

That's the way it started.

By the end of the third day there was so much mail in the office that Harry Rapf, who is to produce the four pictures for Warner Brothers, stated that it tempted him to plan another picture entitled "The Birth of a World" feeling sure that the contest would bring in enough replies to supply the actors to show the entire feminine population.

At the same time Mr. Rapf made an announcement in regard to the judges. William Nigh, who directed "School Days" and "Why Girls Leave Home" and was to act as one of the judges in the contest, has had to make a hurried business trip away from New York and will not be back in time to perform his duties of selecting the winner for the first picture.

In his stead Sam Warner, head of the productions department of Warner Brothers, will act as a judge with Mr. Rapf. He makes his headquarters in Hollywood but is prepared to make the trip to New York for the special purpose of aiding in the selection of the young woman who will get the \$100 salary per week for playing a role in the first production which starts on May 15 "From Rags to Riches."

There are a lot in, but it is still near three weeks before the judging for the first picture will start and there are three more coming after that, even if you miss the first one.

Real Harm of Censorship

(Continued from Page 8)

throughout the state, a picture entitled 'Without Benefit of the Clergy' was the story of a married couple!

"In my own experience I encountered one case almost as banal. In 'Miss Lulu Bett' one of the censor boards objected to a title which read 'So you lived with the man a week before you discovered you weren't married to him?' I changed it to read 'So you were married to the man a week before you discovered you weren't married at all' and it was passed without question!

"You know nothing is revolting as long as it truly revolts. That is if a thing is really unpleasant it has nothing attractive about it. Many situations if put on the screen as they really are would drive the public away from those things. The mere exhibition of them does not mean that they have to be made attractive.

"We can insinuate intemperance, but we can't show the evils of it. We cannot suggest that a child is to be born. The censors accept human beings as a fact but not as a possibility. The whole system is wrong."

A Day in a Comedy Shop

(Continued from Page 12)

200 pictures with other comedy companies before coming to Mr. Roach.

After I had seen everything and met all the folks, Mildred Davis took me off to swap gossip. We sat in her chummy little coupe upholstered in dark green which Mildred told me without batting an eyelash had been designed to match my new dress! Mildred is a very jolly, emphatic small person, with skin like a rosy glow from her ebullient spirits. She has the dainty grace of shifting sunshine. She and Marie Mosquini are at present the decorative motifs of the Roach cantonment. Her laugh

rang out like silver castanets when she told me about her future starring plans.

"Nothing is settled definitely yet," she said—which means she can't talk for publicity. "But we've a pretty good hunch, haven't we?" she winked.

"Oh, isn't it simply heavenly!" she cried with shining eyes.

Harold Lloyd, who was a champion chess player before he left Nebraska, is taking up auction bridge—and he and Mildred and two companions spend their spare time between scenes playing the game. Incidentally, I noticed that Harold himself, in his quiet way, is something of a magnet, for every one tags him about. Wherever Harold goes, the lot is sure to follow!

All in all, this business of being funny is a serious proposition!

A Prince of the Pullman

(Continued from Page 20)

I don't blame Tommy for preferring the amusements of Gotham—even the dogs out here are too lazy to bark. And there—"When you feel like tackling a highbrow play, it's easy to find; likewise, The Follies. Cinema, vaudeville, cabarets there—and here Sunset Inn of a Wednesday night and sleep all the rest of the time. I like the climate; I would rather work here—and play there." (I still insist that if he would adopt my aeroplane suggestion, he might!)

He asked me to give his many "fans" one message: that picture work is a darn sight harder than it looked! He told me of letters from admirers who saw only the glamor of being an international idol, of traveling over the country, and who failed to comprehend the "behind the scenes" arduous labor required, the study for characterization, the physical effort demanded. He showed me on the call-board his name posted for seven o'clock the next morning—he must report at that hour in order to made-up and ready to start for location at eight. A day's work thirty miles away, the homeward ride at six, seven, perhaps eleven—well, Tommy agrees that maybe it's a good thing there's nothing to do in this place but work and sleep.

As I said in the beginning, I'd like to tell you all about how this Prince of the Pullman was born in a sleeping-car berth and rocked to slumber by the train's rhythmic swing. But I "dassn't dare"—for there's a lot of Tommy Meighan—six feet and 190 pounds of him—and there's such a very little bit of Me! And Tommy told me not to make up any fibs about him, or he'd "see" my big brother about it!

When he left me—his wife was waiting for him—he thanked me and told me he'd wanted to be an interviewer until Fate made him an actor and threw him into a railroad train.

The Girl Who Wouldn't Quit

(Continued from Page 27)

twenty thousand dollars each. The highest offer she could get then for the now famous "Tarzan" books was fifteen hundred dollars! The trouble was that she was five years ahead of the times. She came back to New York, quit the music publishing firm where she had been for ten years, to embark on a business of her own as a broker for motion picture manufacturers.

When she was just on the eve of departure for a business trip to Australia she met R. S. Cole, of the big exporting firm of Robertson-Cole Company. A request for an American picture had just come in from one of their London customers and in negotiating the rights Mr. Cole came in contact with Miss Williams. She suggested that he open a department for the distribution of American films in foreign countries. So impressed was Mr. Cole by the young woman's apparent business ability that he decided to act upon the suggestion. He put Miss Williams in charge. The office force consisted of herself and a stenographer.

Today the business has enlarged to such an extent that it was recently capitalized for four million dollars.

And yet when you ask this successful business woman what her own greatest ambition is she naively replies: "To own a ranch in California and raise vegetables."

The War of the Beauties

(Continued from Page 28)

artist in quest of fair women. In other lands one merely searches for the national type, and waits patiently until one has found the most perfect of that type. But in the States there is no type, that cosmopolitan continent furnishing beauty in surpassing ranges, from sloe-eyed maidens whose natural setting would seem to be Madrid, to those as fair as ever came out of Scandinavia!

"Although I am proud of the English girl's eyes, those of her American sisters are more striking, for they are more dynamic and more fascinating. They are spiritually splendid, reflecting keen humor and quick perception in their depths. . . . There is much magic in the eyes, and the American girl knows how to manage that particular battery of beauty better than any I know. . . . When you converse with women of other countries, they adopt a dreamy and far-away look. . . . The American girl looks you straight in the eyes.

"For the sake of contrast I will give you a pen-picture of what the American girl will be like in years to come when her own standards of beauty have been set up. She will have brown hair—warm brown, with glints of bronze and copper in it—a sort of chestnut-brown. Her eyes will be hazel—merry eyes, with tints of the same warm brown. Her complexion will be neither fair nor olive, but a little of both, and it will carry its own crimson or scarlet highlights of health. Her figure will be almost boyish, lithe, willowy and athletic.

Peggy of Pontomime Land

(Continued from Page 23)

Peggy had ever stayed up at night in her short life—and I must admit that, as she sat with her parents in their loge seat, Peggy was so thrilled by Von Stroheim's wickedness that she went right to sleep!

Peggy's salary is \$150 a week—and her daddy puts it all in the bank for her and invests it in nice real estate and things that will keep her in her old age. Her only expenditure was for a closed car so's she could change her dress when out on location without all the men lookin' at her.

Here's to Baby Peggy. She may not have won any beauty prizes. But Peggy has something deeper than beauty—personality. She's a great kid.

Dolores Discusses Divorce

(Continued from Page 15)

mics with him. His wife would never let him mention his pet subjects at home because she knew nothing of them; they bored her and she hadn't gumption enough to learn.

"That brings up the question of the marriage of professionals. Generally speaking, I am of the opinion that an actor or actress should marry outside of the profession because of the separations that professional life brings. But—and this is another capitalized but—I would not make that an iron-bound rule, as it is entirely a matter of character."

"It is clear," put in the interviewer, "that while you believe some marriages are mistakes you do not believe in rectifying those mistakes through divorce."

"Precisely," was the answer. "I believe divorce is wrong. There is too much asking and too little giving."

Four Jobs in the Movies Open to You

Each Paying \$100 a Week

AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL TO GET ONE

PANTOMIME has made arrangements with Warner Brothers to place four of our readers in the Movies.

These four readers will be given *real parts* in forthcoming productions and will be paid \$100 weekly.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A BEAUTY TO WIN ONE OF THESE POSITIONS.

Beauty, of course, will not hurt—but it is not essential.

PANTOMIME and Warner Brothers are looking not only for beauty, but for TYPES.

If you think you have a face, and the ability to make a movie actress—in *any sort of a role*—send your answers to questions on entry blank. Send it to PANTOMIME, together with a photograph of yourself.

Mr. Harry Rapf and Mr. Will Nigh, producer and director of the productions in which the winners will appear, will be the judges.

That's all there is to it. No fee. No charge of any kind.

Just send a photograph of yourself to PANTOMIME, 1600 Broadway, New York.

Pictures of Contestants will be printed from week to week in PANTOMIME.

Here are the pictures in which the jobs are waiting for you:

FROM RAGS TO RICHES—FEATURING WESLEY BARRY.

LITTLE HEROES OF THE STREET—FEATURING WESLEY BARRY.

BRASS—THE FILM VERSION OF THE NOVEL BY CHARLES NORRIS.

MAIN STREET—THE FILM VERSION OF THE NOVEL BY SINCLAIR LEWIS.

The winner of the role in the first picture will be selected on May 7, 1922, and will begin work on May 15.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than May 1, 1922.

PHONE 630
6342 BRYANT
6343

CABLE ADDRESS
"WANEWAR"

WARNER PICTURES 1600 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

Victor C. Olmsted,
Editor-in-Chief, Pantomime
1600 Broadway
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Confirming our conversation of even date, relative to the Pantomime "Big Four" Contest, we submit the following data for your information.

Four young women will be chosen as winners. Each Successful Contestant will be given a part in the cast in one of the four forthcoming Harry Rapf productions, which will be distributed by Warner Brothers, and will be paid \$100 per week for every week employed.

The four forthcoming Warner attractions are:

"From Rags to Riches", featuring Wesley Barry, production to begin May 15th, 1922.

"Little Heroes of the Street", featuring Wesley Barry, production to begin July 1st, 1922.

"Brass", the novel written by Charles C. Norris, production to begin September 1st, 1922.

"Main Street", the novel written by Sinclair Lewis, production to begin October 1st, 1922.

The judges of the Pantomime "Big Four" Contest will be Messrs. Harry Rapf and Will Nigh, producer and director, respectively of "Why Girls Leave Home", "School Days", with Wesley Barry, and "Your Best Friend", with Vera Gordon.

Very Truly Yours,
Eddie J. Burns

DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING AND PUBLICITY.

THOSE WHO TRY FOR THE FIRST ROLE BUT DO NOT WIN WILL ALSO BE CONSIDERED FOR ALL THE OTHER POSITIONS.

HERE IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO GET IN THE MOVIES. HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET A REAL JOB ALMOST OVER NIGHT.

THERE IS NO CHARGE.

PANTOMIME IS DOING THIS FOR ITS READERS FREE.

REMEMBER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL. IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE A "SCREEN FACE" SEND US YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE COUPON.

PERHAPS YOU WILL REALIZE YOUR DREAM.

OR IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ENTER THE CONTEST YOURSELF, PERHAPS YOU HAVE A FRIEND WHO CAN WIN.

GET HER TO ENTER IT. IT'S FREE.

ENTRY BLANK

This blank is printed for your convenience. Plain paper may be used to answer questions.

Name

Street Address

City State

Stage Name

(If you intend adopting one)

Age Height Weight

Color of Eyes Color of Hair

Complexion

Reasons for wanting to get into the movies

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The winner of the role in the second picture will be selected June 24, and will begin work on July 1, 1922.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than June 15, 1922.

The winner of the role in the third picture will be selected August 24, and will begin work September 1, 1922.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than August 15, 1922.

The winner of the role in the fourth picture will be selected October 8, and will begin work October 15, 1922.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than October 1, 1922.

This Entry Blank must be accompanied by one or more photographs of the person named in it. One of the photographs must be without a hat. Mark the name and address plainly on the back of each photograph.

\$ 22,000.00 in PRIZES

Pantomime



John Henry, Jr.